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First Church

OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

1764-1889.

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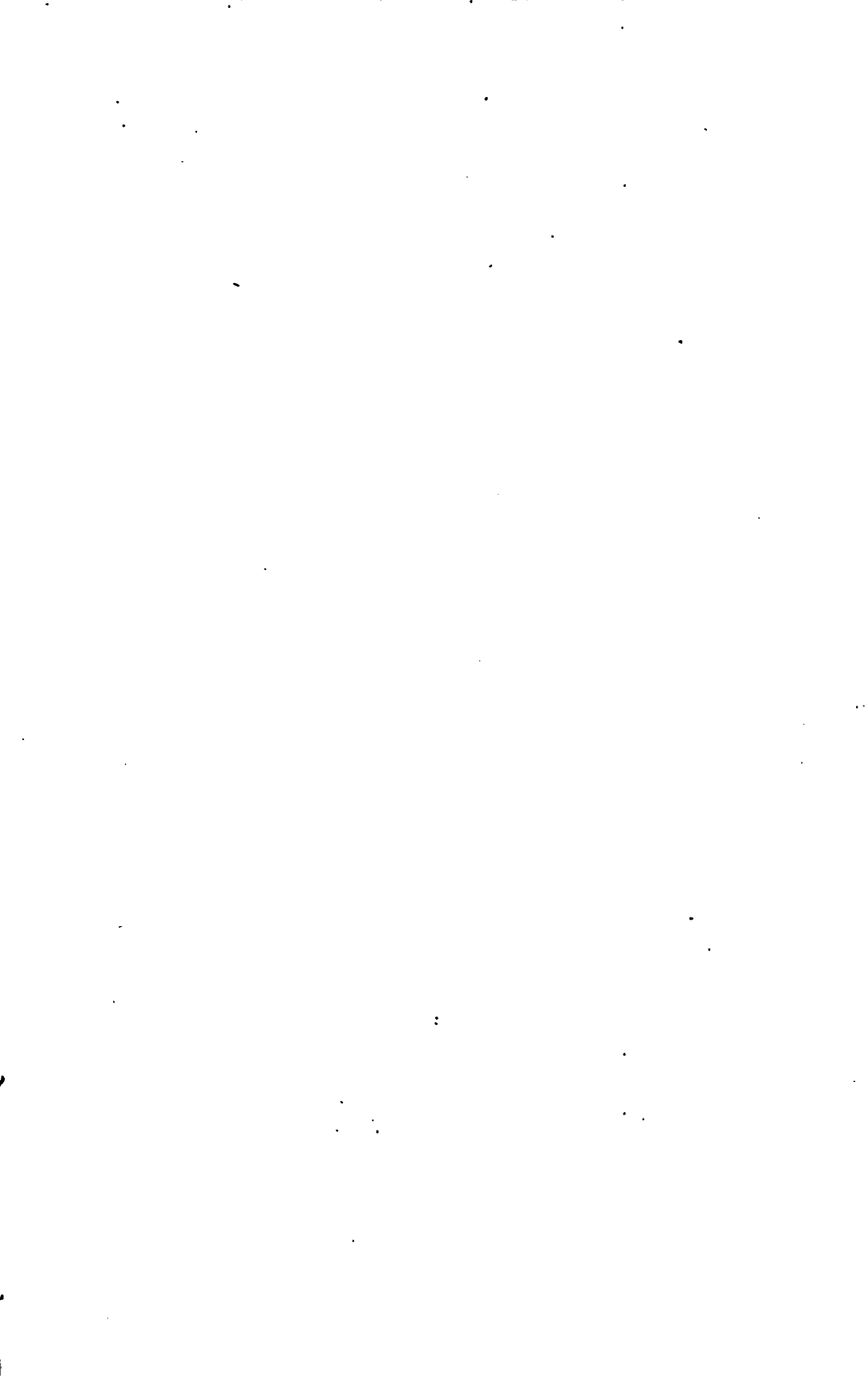
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Engraved by A. R. Hughes

REV THOMAS ALLEN.

1799.

PROCEEDINGS
IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE ORGANIZATION
IN PITTSFIELD, FEBRUARY 7, 1764,
OF THE
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST.

February 7, 1889.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
PRESS OF THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY.
1889.

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PRAYER FOR CHURCH AND TOWN.

[On the 125 Anniversary of the Founders of the First Church in Pittsfield,
February 7, 1764.]

Lead on, great God! lead on her shining way
Our fathers' church! Oh, keep her near to Thee
As she grows old! Inspire her sons to be
First Thine, and then their country's gallant stay.
Breathe through their hearts on this its founders' day
The faith their fathers had in Calvary—
Unfold to them the immortality
Of dying aspiring. 'Lead on alway,
Great God! Lead on our much loved town,
Freeborn twin sister of this ancient shrine.
Clothed in the splendor of Heaven's best dress
The pure majestic robe of righteousness
Lead them along! still glorying in the line
Of manly dead, who won them their renown.

MORRIS SCHAFF.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. J. L. JENKINS.

The First Church of Christ in Pittsfield was organized February 7th, 1764, one hundred and twenty-five years ago to-day. Its organization ante-dates the Declaration of Independence by twelve years; the adoption of the Federal Constitution by twenty-four years. It was three years after the incorporation of the town of Pittsfield and three years after the creation of the County of Berkshire; thirty years after the organization of the church in Stockbridge, twenty-one years after that in Great Barrington, and six after that in Becket. The three named churches were present by pastors at least at the organization of this church. The settlement of Pittsfield began in 1752. After twelve years of struggle and of the ordinary frontier vicissitudes, there were in the town in the year 1764, the year in which the church was organized, between three hundred and five hundred inhabitants, most of whom lived in log houses. When Thomas Allen, the first minister came here in 1763, his son says "All the houses of the village were made of logs excepting half a dozen." The hundred or more log houses were far apart and most of them were at the western or eastern extremities of the town. To accommodate the widely separated inhabitants the first meeting house was placed in the center, not far from the site of this building. Its story and that of its successors will be told by another this afternoon.

The proprietors of the settling lots in the township of Pontoosuck, held their first legally called meeting Sept. 12, 1753. According to the warrant, dated July 30, 1753, the meeting is to be held as soon as circumstances will admit at the house of Mr. Elias Willard, and for the following purposes among others: "To see what money the proprietors of the settling lots will raise to procure some suitable person or persons to preach

among us." "To consider of the method they will go into to erect a meeting house and raise such sums of money as they shall think proper for defraying the charges thereof."

From a manuscript sermon preached Aug 26, 1883, on the eightieth anniversary of the church in Pittsfield, Vermont, between which church and this were intimate relations at its beginning, I make the following extract: "It was a characteristic of the settlers in those days that they did not wait for pressure from without and the promise of funds before establishing churches. The settlers themselves were ready to go ahead with the work."

Perhaps the Pittsfield people in Vermont learned this practice from the Pittsfield people in Massachusetts, at least, it was the way here.

The vote to secure a suitable person to preach was passed September 12, 1753, and the same year Rev. Cotton Mather Smith was invited to Pittsfield, or as it was then called Pontotuck, to preach as a probationer or candidate. A word or two must in passing be given to the man who was the first choice of the people here for minister. Cotton Mather Smith was born in Suffield, Conn., Oct. 26, 1731. He was twenty-two years old when asked to come here and preach. He graduated at Yale in 1751, when twenty years old, went to Hartford to study Theology and while studying there was invited to take charge of a school for Indians in Stockbridge. It is probable that while in Stockbridge, he was called here. He was an unusual man, an athlete, a muscular Christian. He gained power over the Indians by equalling or excelling them in feats of strength. When a pastor in Sharon, Connecticut, he went in person to the haunts of vice, astounding and confounding his guilty parishioners. He was a Patriot, served as chaplain in the Revolutionary War, contracted in the service disabilities from which he never recovered. He is reported to have been a man of great refinement of mind and manner. The original settlers here were discerning men. They began the search for a minister by seeking the best. They spent thirteen years in the search. They survived thirteen years of candidating,—a remarkable testimony to their cohesion and endurance.

The names of certain candidates have been preserved. In 1759 a Mr. Clark preached, but was not called. The next year, 1760, Rev. Ebenezer Garnsey preached four months. It was proposed that he should be examined by the upper Association of ministers in Hampshire County. This he would not consent to. He did not come to Pittsfield. In 1761, Rev. Enoch Huntington, of Middletown, Conn., was invited, but declined. Rev. Amos Tompson was the next unsuccessful candidate, followed by Daniel Hopkins, brother of Samuel, the great divine, of Great Barrington. Mr. Daniel Collins, long the pastor at Lanesboro, was next in order, but failed of settlement. The difficulty of settling a minister, the Pittsfield historian says, was theological not pecuniary.

In 1763, Thomas Allen, aged twenty, came to Pittsfield, (the name Pontoosuck was changed to Pittsfield in 1761.) The coming of this young man of twenty, one year out of college, is one of the great events in the town's history. Much of its history was determined by it.

"On the 9th of December, 1763," (I quote from the History of Pittsfield,) "The town decided to invite Mr. Thomas Allen, of Northampton, to preach as a probationer, and his ministry in that capacity was signalized by the formation of the church,—a duty which it seems had, up to this time, been singularly neglected."

Their method of forming a church was on this wise: Eight men were found among the men of the town to serve as *Foundation Men*—a happy use of Lord Bacon's term. We recall and honor these men to-day. We write their names on shields and hang them in the House of the Lord.

Stephen Crofoot came from *Belchertown* and had served as deacon in the church there.

Aaron Baker, *William Phelps*, *Lemuel Phelps*, *Elnathan Phelps* came from *Northampton*; *Ephraim Stiles* and *Daniel Hubbard* came from *Westfield*; and *Jacob Ensign* from *Wethersfield, Conn.* All from "the fat valley of the Connecticut" as it was called.

What is known of these eight "*Foundation Men*" will be told by another this afternoon. Upon what principle the eight

were selected I do not know. Possibly they were men who had made up their minds to locate and remain in Pittsfield, while others may have been undecided. They may have been men interested in church affairs before coming here. They may have been thought by their fellow-townsmen especially qualified to act as "Foundation Men" and so were chosen for the service. Whatever the reason of the selection, the eight men chosen as "Foundation Men," were

STEPHEN CROFOOT,
EPHRAIM STILES,
DANIEL HUBBARD,
AARON BAKRR,

JACOB ENSIGN,
WILLIAM PHELPS,
LEMUEL PHELPS,
ELNATHAN PHELPS.

What is more important than the names of these men is their faith, belief. The church is the pillar and ground of the truth. What truth had these men as that upon which they would found a Church of Jesus Christ? On this matter there is no ignorance. I read the paper signed by the eight "Foundation Men." It has two parts, a Creed and a Covenant.

"February 7, 1764. At a meeting of a number of members belonging to different churches, at the house of Deacon Crofoot Feb. 7, A. D. 1764, being present the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Great Barrington, Rev. Stephen West, of Stockbridge, and Rev. Ebenezer Martin, of No. 4. After a confession of Faith and Covenant was drawn up, a number of said members did then and there unite, so as to form a Church of Christ in this place and subscribed to the Articles of Faith contained in that Confession and the obligations of said Covenant, which are as follows:—

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

We do believe that there is one God, who is the only living and true God ; who exists of Himself, without beginning or end, infinitely perfect and glorious, and unchangeable in His Being and perfections ; that He is independent and all sufficient, and all things else depend wholly on Him as their Creator, Preserver and the Sovereign Disposer of them. That this one God subsists in a mysterious and incomprehensible manner in Three Persons, distinguished in Holy Scripture as Father, Son and Holy Ghost ; that these three Persons are one God, and equal in all divine perfections and glory.

That God has made a particular revelation to mankind in the Book we call the Bible, which is a perfect, sufficient and unerring rule, given by inscription from God—and is the only rule to be relied on in matters of religion.

That God exercises a moral Government over His rational creatures in giving laws to them and in finally judging them, and rewarding or punishing them, according to the Holy Law. That this law is an eternal and most perfect and unalterable rule of righteousness, requiring perfect, persevering obedience upon pain of eternal damnation.

That God made man at first perfectly holy and happy and appointed Adam the first parent of mankind to be the head and representative of all his posterity ; so that they should be happy in his obedience, if he persevered in perfect holiness, or fall with Him into a state of sin and guilt and utter ruin, if he should transgress God's law. That our first parents sinned and in consequence of this, by a holy and wise constitution, all man kind, their natural posterity are born in sin and guilt and are become justly deserving of God's wrath and curse forever.

That God has of His mere sovereign grace found out and entered upon a method to save man from the state of guilt and ruin in which he naturally is, so as at the same time to maintain the honor of His law and government, by a Mediator. That this Mediator is the Second Person in the Trinity, the eternal Son of God, who by taking the human nature into a personal union with Himself, is become truly man and has by dying suffered the curse of the law and yielded a perfect and glorious obedience to it, in our stead.

That having made expiation for sin by His death and brought in everlasting righteousness by his obedience, he rose from the dead, and ascended into the heavens and is seated at the right hand of God to reign as King of Heaven and Earth till all things shall be put under His feet, and is able to save all that come to God by Him.

That every one who believes and truly trusts in Him or accepts of Him as He is offered in the Gospel, shall be pardoned and received to favor, however guilty and unworthy in himself ; purely and only on the account of His merit and worthiness. Yet their obligations to perfect conformity to its precepts are not in the least removed ; they, therefore, will not be sinless until they are brought to perfect obedience to God's law which none attain to in this life ; but are sinfully defective in all their holy exercises and actions.

That as the promises of the Gospel are made to truly holy exercises, and none but such can have any evidence of their interest in Christ but by a consciousness of their own holy exercises and by coming to a certain knowledge of this, as they may, they may obtain an assurance of their own salvation.

That Jesus Christ has a true Church in the world which He will maintain and build up until it shall be brought to its perfect and most glorious state.

That at the last day Christ will raise the dead and judge the world and doom the wicked to everlasting destruction ; and receive the redeemed to the happiness and glory of His Eternal Kingdom.

(Signed.)

STEPHEN CROFOOT,
EPHRAIM STILES,
DANIEL HUBBARD,
AARON BAKER,
JACOB ENSIGN,
WILLIAM PHELPS,
LEMUEL PHELPS,
ELNATHAN PHELPS.

A COVENANT.

We whose names are hereto subscribed, looking on ourselves as under obligations to enter into a religious society, so as to form a Church of Christ in this place, do now seriously and solemnly acknowledge our obligations to the Lord and do, so far as we know our hearts, cheerfully devote ourselves to God through Jesus Christ. We do renounce all the ways of sin and give ourselves up to God, choosing Him as our Lawgiver and portion.

Sensible of our own blindness, guilt and infinite unworthiness, and corruption, we choose Christ for our Teacher and rely on His merit and worthiness alone for pardon and acceptance with God, and receive the Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier, heartily embracing the way of Salvation revealed in the Gospel.

We take God's Holy Word to be our only rule of faith and practice and solemnly engage by the help of His grace, to conform to it in all the ways of holy living, and we promise and engage to maintain and constantly and faithfully attend upon all the institutions and ordinances of the Gospel, particularly public worship and the strict observance of God's Holy Sabbath. And we engage to maintain family and secret religion and faithfully and painfully to instruct, educate and govern our children and all that shall be under our care.

We also covenant with one another to walk in a church state in all mutual helpfulness, watching over and admonishing one another and faithfully and impartially to exercise the discipline of Christ's House according to the rules of His Holy Word, so far as we shall understand it; and meekly to submit to the same, taking constant care to walk orderly in all things, so far as to give occasion of offence to none.

And we now publicly espouse and engage in the Cause of Christ in this town promising to be faithful to the same and to endeavor to promote it in all proper ways, especially seeking to recommend our holy religion to all by our strict and constant practice of justice, goodness, temperance, sobriety and godliness.

All this we do in humble dependence on Jesus Christ, praying that He would enable us to be faithful in His Covenant, strengthening us unto every good work to do His Will, working in us that which is well pleasing to Him.

To whom be glory forever. Amen.

Signed,

STEPHEN CROFOOT,
EPHRAIM STILES,
DANIEL HUBBARD,
AARON BAKER,
JACOB ENSIGN,
WILLIAM PHELPS,
LEMUEL PHELPS,
ELNATHAN PHELPS.

After the said Confession of Faith and Covenant were subscribed by the persons before mentioned, a lecture was preached at the meeting house by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins from these words: II Corinthians 3, 5, "And this they did not as we

hoped, but first gave themselves to the Lord, and unto us by the Will of God."

Afterwards they were declared to be a *Church of Christ*.

I am indebted to Rev. Dr. Rowland, of Lee, for information that makes certain the authorship of the foregoing document. It is the same Creed and Covenant, used at the organization of the churches in Lee and Lenox; and there is the wholly trustworthy authority of the late Dr. Hyde, of Lee, that they were the work of that eminent divine, Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Great Barrington.

The Creed, with some peculiarities of phraseology, with insistence upon some minor points, is for the time and circumstances, a fair embodiment of what has always been the Catholic Faith of the Christian Church. The fathers in the wilderness believed with all saints.

The Covenant, though made less of than the Creed in theological discussions, is the more important. A saying of Prof. Schaff is pertinent. "A Covenant is the ethical application of the dogmatic Creed." Of the original Covenant no man need be ashamed. Let me read its close: "We do now publicly espouse and engage in the Cause of Christ in this town,—promising to be faithful in the same and to endeavor to promote it in all proper ways, especially seeking to recommend our holy religion to all by our strict and constant practice of justice, goodness, temperance, sobriety and godliness."

It was something in the beginning of a town's career to have even eight men solemnly confederated together for such an end. It was a wise procedure on the part of the founders of the church to submit their work to men well reported of in neighboring churches, that, if approved, it might thereby have stronger commendation. Three ministers were in town one hundred and twenty-five years ago to-day, and two of them were great and famous men. If god-fathers serve the child, this church was well served when its beginning was approved by Samuel Hopkins, Stephen West and their less famous associate, Ebenezer Martin. No bishops living then or since, or before or now could impart more apostolic grace to an infant church.

The eight "Foundation Men," having signed Creed and Cove-

nant, in the house of Deacon Stephen Crofoot, came with others to the meeting house and here Dr. Samuel Hopkins "preached a lecture" from II Corinthians 8, 5. "And this they did not as we hoped, but first gave themselves to the Lord and now to us by the will of God." And the record concludes, "Afterwards they were declared to be a Church of Christ." Such these eight men believed themselves to be, for the next entry in the record is the following:

PITTSFIELD, March 6, 1764.

"The Church of Christ in Pittsfield this day met at the house of Deacon Crofoot and unanimously made choice of Mr. Thomas Allen to settle with them in the work of the Gospel Ministry.

Attest:

STEPHEN CROFOOT, Moderator."

On the 8th of March the same year, the church, without a pastor, received William Williams and Josiah Wright as members.

On the 18th day of April following, the church ordained and installed, after simple primitive usages, its first Pastor. There were present at the ordination, Rev. Jonathan Ashley, of Deerfield, Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, of Hatfield, Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of Great Barrington, Rev. Thomas Strong, of New Marlborough, and Rev. Mr. Bidwell, of No. 1 (Tyringham,) besides several other neighboring ministers. The first prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Hopkins, the second by Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, the charge was given by Rev. Mr. Ashley, the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Bidwell, The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hooker, of Northampton, from the text, Acts xx, 26: "I myself also am a man." The topic being "Christ's Ministers, Men." The last prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Strong. "The whole was carried on with decency and in order." In this account there is a noticeable absence of Scripture and of singing. There may have been both, and possibly neither. One would like to re-create that first ordination and installation here. The place we may put before us, but the men taking the parts, can we image them to ourselves? The young, handsome, alert pastor elect, beginning a life of forty-seven years here,—can we not see him? We can hear the sober words spoken to him by his Pastor, John Hooker, and we can hear him congratulating his hearers that at last the Ordi-

nances of the Gospel and the means of Salvation were set up in "These borders of the wilderness."

The church needs only deacons to complete its apostolic equipment. It waits for these till January 7, 1765. When, at a meeting held that day, it was voted "That James Easton and Josiah Wright sustain the office of Deacons in this church." It is added, "They accepted of the election," setting an excellent example and worthy to be followed.

Thus on the 7th of January, 1765, the Church of Christ in Pittsfield was complete, having all that belongs to a church of New Testament times, members and the two officers, pastor and deacons. I am to-day historian, not advocate. It belongs to me to tell the actions of the founders, not to applaud them; but I cannot repress the spontaneous and fervid approval I feel. Simplicity has its own severe and impressive grandeur. It is no mean story of worthy exploit, that of the Jesuits in Canada, with pictures, crosses, processions, altars, vestments, chanting. I witness all and allow it exceeding virtue; but more and truer grandeur has that scene we have been looking upon, wherein men, plain men, self moved, and self-sufficient, covenanted with one another to serve Christ and maintain His Cause here in the wilderness and sought and secured approval by truly apostolic men. The scene has no brilliancy of color, no movement of chant or processional, but has a simplicity, seriousness, that makes it sure of being immortal; forever appealing to men with increasing force, as men rise into the life of ideas and of pure feeling.

The first year of its existence the Church added to its original eight members, thirty-one members, among whom are some of whom a word or two should be said.

The ninth member of this Church was William Williams, a clergyman's son, and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1729. Mr. Taft, in a paper read before the Historical Society on the Judicial History of Berkshire County says "William Williams, down to the period of the Revolution, was the most prominent and important personage in the county, north of Stockbridge." He says, also "Colonel Williams was of sanguine temperament, able, enterprising, active, ready with his pen as with his sword,

hospitable, generous, profuse in expenditure and fond of display. He lacked economy and foresight, and was unfortunate in his business enterprises; but he seems never to have forfeited the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens and to have fulfilled with ability and fidelity all his public trusts."

Another man, notable in his day, a member of the church, was Israel Dickinson. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1758. He had a classmate, an early settler in Pittsfield, not a member of the church, Israel Stoddard, a man eminent for ability and standing. Among those joining the Church during its first year was another Yale graduate, Woodbridge Little, of the class of 1760. These men were strong, positive forces in the town and of equal influence in the Church. They did much to give character to the young Church. Among the members during the first year were Solomon Dunning and wife, (the wife being the first woman coming into Pittsfield,) and Charles Goodrich, of whom it is recorded that "he drove the first team and cart which entered the town, cutting his way through the woods for a number of miles." In the second year of its existence, Nathaniel Fairfield joined the Church. He claims the honor of first turning with a plough the virgin soil of Pittsfield. Time would fail me to tell of others. They were a worthy company of men and women who settled here. They were educated, energetic, enterprising, the very kind of people to put in stable foundations and to infuse into the growing social fabric a living and advancing force. We may well be proud of them. The Church of Christ in Pittsfield was now well under way. It had gained foothold; better, having been planted, it was striking roots deep into the ground and gave promise of whose generous fulfillment we are to-day rejoicing witnesses.

The first minister served the Church forty-six years and died in office at the age of sixty-seven, Feb. 11, 1810. The eventful story of his long pastorate has been faithfully and graphically told by the historian of Pittsfield and needs slight reference from me. The times were troublous, feelings were intense, differences unavoidable; but the experiences were not in vain. The ardor, vehemence, brilliancy of the young minister, his strong, exultant faith in men were contagious, overmastering.

His doctrine filled the county. His example provoked independence in thought and action. He met parishioners not intimidated by him, not afraid to differ from and dispute with him. There was a kind of warfare of intellectual giants raging here for years and in the stress and strain of the contest men grew in power and self-reliance. Would you trace to its springs much in the Berkshire character, you must go back to the times of Parson Allen. With all his genius for leadership, he found those here whom he could not lead. By the power he exerted upon them and by the power with which they resisted him, both pastor and people went from strength to strength. Here patriots were made as they must needs have been by a minister intensely patriotic. I copy a single entry from the Church Records:—

“ May 4, 1777. In token of my fervent affection for the civil and religious rights and liberties of my Country and—God’s Grace assisting me—of my firm attachment to its cause and of my grateful sense of the many and important services of the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States, I name my fourth son George Washington, who was this day Baptized and was born April 22, Tuesday, seven o’clock A. M., 1777.”

Such men in the pulpits of the country matched in power the soldiers in the field.

The times and the circumstances have made Mr. Allen’s patriotism prominent above his piety; but there is no lack of evidence that he was as ardent and strong in faith as in devotion to his country. Reviewing his life here, noting his influence, observing effects, there is no questioning the extent of his power or the beneficial results he achieved in developing a sturdy, intelligent, self-reliant people,—a people conscious of ability to manage for themselves town and church. In considering the first forty-six years of this Church’s history, certain facts merit distinct recognition.

The settlement had had no time to consolidate itself before the pre-revolutionary excitements began. Springfield is twice as old as Pittsfield. Pittsfield was a new border town,—the field for excitements. All sorts of questions were astir. There was dissatisfaction as to ministerial support. Baptist and Methodist views were beginning to be promulgated. There was abundant opportunity for difference. Add decided men as those of Pittsfield and there could be only division. It came—

came in Parson Allen's day and its healing began in the wisdom and sacrifice of his son and successor Rev. William Allen and was perfected under his successor Rev. Dr. Humphrey.

The steps and sacrifices by which all was accomplished must be untold by me this morning.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the Sons of God." This some count the final beatitude, there being no service beyond that of making peace and no reward beyond that of Divine Sonship. Both the service and the reward belong to that rare man who, coming in here, of two made one new man, making peace. How wisely he did his work, all contemporary testimony gives concurrent witness. How true a reconciliation was effected, every root of bitterness being cast out, years of heartiest and most loving accord give proof. Many honors came to the man of whom I speak. His name is held in dear esteem in college halls, among philanthopists, among a great host of friends, and by descendants, proud of his blood in their veins, who do him honor. We take no leaf from all his wreaths; but the First Church of Pittsfield remembers, reveres, loves Heman Humphrey as the man who made her peace, in virtue of whose benediction there can be no more variance or strife in the brotherhood he served.

The man of peace was followed by men like himself. Each in his way compacting more firmly the reunited body of Christian believers. Time alone forbids a distinct recognition of the services rendered the Church by Mr. Bailey, Mr. Tappan, Mr. Youmans, Mr. Brinsmade. Time alone forbids my noting the steady growth of the church from ministry to ministry. A new order of things was beginning in Pittsfield. The railroad connected it with the world outside. The intercourse stimulated industries. The church felt the motion of new life. There was a new order to which the old was to be adjusted, and the providential man appeared. His work is so recent, so conspicuous in the memory of most hearing me, all are so familiar with his achievements that no word is needed from me. None is needed but to withhold would be a self-violence. Coming a stranger and as such entering into his labors, I must bear my testimony to the excellence of what he did for the church he so long served

and loved. This most peculiar and richly gifted man will be often during the day brought before our minds; not too often and we shall not render him too generous homage. We are amid his works. This people is his workmanship and may I say the workmanship honors the workman. Not all the praise is his. In an historical sermon preached by Dr. Todd, Feb. 3, 1878, he said "If ever I have accomplished anything, ever avoided mistakes, ever in any degree honored the Master, I greatly attribute it to an influence which men are not always prompt to acknowledge. In my home has been a life, swallowed up in my success, willing to be unknown and out of sight, unwearied in giving encouragement and rousing to effort; prompt and cheerful in concealing my defects and in covering my deficiencies; kind to apologize for what could not be approved; uncomplaining when worn down by heavy burdens such as few are called to bear; more than ready to be unselfish and to wear out that others might profit by my labors. I say it is *there*, in that life I have found the source and the cause of all I have done. Oh! wife of my youth! many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

It is a special distinction of this day that the woman, of whom such true words were spoken by one who could best speak them, has been spared to this hour and lives to receive the generous, affectionate tributes of those whom she served as the people of her husband. May the day be slow in coming when she shall go from us! May the days be many which shall be gladdened by her gracious, kindly presence. The Lord bless her, keep her, lift upon her the light of His countenance and give her peace. This prayer we all make for her, here and now.

What one hundred and twenty-five years ago was small in its beginning, has endured, increased, not by the ability of ministers, not by the intelligence, large heartedness of members; the Church has survived and grown in virtue of the Life incarnated in it. When the eight men here covenanted together, they associated in Christ's name. To them belonged the promise that He would be in the midst of them, with them to the end of the world. Once gathered in Christ's name, the Church has abode in His name. There have been changes in terms, in

usages; there has been no swerving from Christ. Would that we might say the church is growing more and more into Christ its Head; was more and more receiving all from Him, less and less from intermediary agencies. Because we hold this hope faintly yet really, because we know the fidelity of the Church to Christ, in its more than one hundred years of life, do we anticipate a future better than the past, and have firm confidence that the fathers' God will be the God of the children; that He who was our fathers' Guide will be our Guide even unto death.





Engr'd by J. B. Hall & Sons 13 Barclay St. N.Y.

Yours truly,
Jno. Todd.

THE EIGHT

FOUNDATION MEN.

BY ROBERT W. ADAM.

What interest it would add to this occasion could we produce upon the platform the original eight, the "Foundation Men" of our church, as they appeared on the day we this day commemorate. How delightful it would be to take them by the hand, listen to their voices, to gaze on their forms and features and behold what manner of men they were. And what would be their emotions could they re-appear on the scene of their labors and unite with us in the exercises of this day? Looking without, the forests now cleared, broad, graded streets in place of the grass-grown cart paths, elegant residences and substantial blocks covering the grounds then sparsely dotted with the humble structures of their day, would they find sufficient landmarks to direct them to their former homes, and within, beholding these decorated walls, these carpeted aisles and cushioned seats, this assemblage so changed in attire from the fashion of their day, could they recognize in all this the outgrowth of that low-studded, plainly-furnished room with its sanded floor and wide-mouthed fireplace, its plain oaken table and its straight-backed chairs, its occupants in short clothes and cue, of solemn aspect and determined mien, the birthplace and the progenitors of the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield? Such an interview with them, imagination alone can give us. In introducing Stephen Crowfoot, Jacob Ensign, Ephraim Stiles, Daniel Hubbard, Aaron Baker, Elnathan Phelps, William Phelps and Lemuel Phelps to you to-day, I propose to give you very brief biographical statistics concerning each, recognizing the fact that

these anniversary exercises would be very incomplete without their introduction, and, on the other hand, that an extended genealogical table would consume time which might be better occupied to-day. For the collecting of what I have to read to you I am largely indebted to Miss Redfield, Mr. Taft and Joseph E. A. Smith, through his town history and through personal interviews.

Stephen Crowfoot, one of the very earliest settlers of the town, as well as an early settler of Belchertown, was born at Northampton, in 1692, went to Belchertown some time before 1737, and came here, probably, as early as 1749. We find record of a conveyance of a lot to him in 1754, on condition that he build a house eighteen feet square with seven foot studs. There is no certain ground for asserting that a building of that description was his residence in 1764, but whether it was or not we have no other description of the temple in which the first meeting of our church was held. He probably was made a Deacon in Belchertown as he bore that title before coming here, though the Belchertown records do not show his election there. He was evidently one of the leading citizens of this town. It was at his house on what is now Elm street, east from the tannery bridge, that the first town meeting, as well as the meeting for the organization of the church, was held. He served the warrant for the first meeting of the Proprietors after their incorporation as a Plantation, and at that meeting he was chosen one of the assessors. He was one of the first committee appointed to provide for preaching, and one of a committee of five, as it is expressed in the vote "to manage the whole affair of the meeting house," by which was meant its erection. This last office seems to have been not to his liking, for after a time he resigned it, but his resignation was not accepted. Possibly to "manage the whole affair of a meeting house" was then and always will be no easy task. His enterprise built the first bridge across the east branch of the Housatonic, a little above the location of the present tannery bridge. From the records it appears that there was a succession of proposals and counter-proposals between the town and himself concerning the erection of a grist mill on the river above the site

of what has more recently been known as the Van Sickler factory. He did put up a grist mill there, but it seems not to have been an entirely satisfactory enterprise, either to himself or the town, for soon after his death it passed from the ownership of his son. The reason of the town's apparent disfavor towards what now would seem to have been an almost necessary enterprise does not appear. His story is that of an active, public-spirited, trusted man in church and town, and the name of one of his grand-children, a worthy Deacon of our church, will probably be prominent in another paper to be read to-day. He died here in 1772.

Jacob Ensign was a direct descendent of one of the first settlers of Hartford, Connecticut. He was born at West Hartford, in 1724. From his twin brother, John, was descended the late Rev. Horace Bushnell, so long in the front rank of preachers and writers in our country. Mr. Ensign came to this town about 1752 and built and occupied a home on the site of the dwelling of the late N. G. Brown, at the easterly end of East street. His land extended northerly and easterly from his dwelling, and the pond which we now know as Silver Lake, was formerly called Ensign Pond, presumably from his ownership of the neighboring or surrounding land. He early took and maintained till his death, which occurred here in 1813, a prominent and influential part in all public matters, whether of church or town. He was one of the signers of a petition to the General Court, with Stephen Crowfoot, Ephraim Stiles and others, representing that they had built a good and defensible garrison. He was one of the first three assessors of the Plantation; on the first committee appointed "to agree with some suitable person to preach among us," and on a committee to dispose of the appropriation for roads and bridges. He was elected constable at the first town meeting, and in March, 1775, he was appointed a warden; one of a committee for the care of disorderly persons, which latter office, we may judge from the record of the proceedings of the town, may have included the care of Tories and suspected Tories. In 1767, having previously bargained with Deacon Crowfoot, he obtained from the town a grant of the west end of the mill dam for fifteen years,

conditioned that he should, within one year, begin and exercise the feat of a clothier during said term, the town reserving the right to remove the dam further down the stream, if it saw fit, at the expiration of Crowfoot's lease, in which case Ensign's rights were to be transferred to the new location. This was the beginning of Pittsfield's woolen manufacture. Through the kindness of Charles L. Ensign of Boston, many of his descendants have been traced. They are largely in Ohio and other western states. One great-granddaughter, Mrs. Calvin Carver, is now living in this town.

Ephraim Stiles was born in Westfield, in 1699. He lived there till his removal to Pittsfield in about 1757. His house was at the corner of West and Onota streets, on the site of the house now owned by George Winchell, formerly known as the Merrick Ross place. His name appears on petitions to the General Court, and, at a meeting of the Proprietors in 1758, he was made one of a committee, with Deacon Crowfoot and Sergeant Jones, to hire a minister. He died in 1765, the year following the organization of the church. Two branches of his descendants are now living in Pittsfield. He was cousin to the father of President Stiles of Yale College, from whom is descended our present pastor. Thus is established a kinship between pastor and church in addition to that relationship so pleasantly formed twelve years since, and which the intervening years have constantly strengthened.

Daniel Hubbard came here from Westfield. He bought a settling lot in 1759, but there are indications that he was here some years before that date. His house was on the site now occupied by Nelson Parker, near the brook, on the cross road leading from West street to Stearnsville. On the first division of highways into surveyor's districts, he was made surveyor of the district extending from the west line of the town to the west river. He is spoken of in our town history as a wealthy citizen of the "West Part," who early adhered to the whig cause in the revolutionary days; a man of sterling character whose determination, energy and place in the community, made him of eminent service to the cause. In May, 1777, he was one of a party in which were his son Paul, and a son of Ephraim

Stiles, who marched to Kinderhook to look after "inimical persons"—so-called—that is Tories. One of the commanding officers of the company was his son, Lieut. James Hubbard. He was a soldier in the company which went to Fort Edward, July 7, 1777. He died here Dec. 19, 1777, aged 63. His death was the direct result of exposure and illness incident to his service as a soldier. His son, James, was a Deacon of this church, and from the marriage of Deacon James' daughter to John Churchill are descended the families of Churchill, Francis and Mannings now residing here. Two great-great-grandsons bearing the name of Hubbard are now living in Pittsfield.

Aaron Baker, a descendant of a prominent Northampton family, was born in Northampton in 1726. He married Jemima Clark of Northampton, in 1747, bought land here in 1760, and moved here in 1763. His first house was built on the corner opposite the school house on the upper road to Barkerville, overlooking the site of Barkerville. This house is not standing. Later he, with his son, Aaron Jr., built another house farther down on the Richmond road, the first house now standing beyond the point where the Barkerville road turns off. Another house in that vicinity is now occupied by his granddaughter, Miss Aminda Baker, a lady of eighty-four years. As showing the appearance of the country in those days, Miss Baker relates, as one of the family traditions, that her father when a lad was sent out with the cows to watch them and he with his charge became lost in the forest and was finally found far over in the east part of the town. Just before the removal of the family to Pittsfield, Mrs. Baker called on Mrs. Allen, the mother of our first pastor, and seeing their "Young Thomas," as he was then called, who was at the time somewhat out of health, said to him, "Well Thomas, come up to Pittsfield and be our minister, then you'll get well." His mother replied for him, "Pittsfield, that's the end of the world, he'll fall off if he goes there." That was Mr. Allen's first call to this church and parish. It is not to be found in our records. He came afterwards and there is no record either of his falling off. Aaron Baker was a man of repute, prominent in town affairs. He was, with Jacob Ensign, a warden, and of the com-

mittee for care of disorderly persons, and one of the consolidated committee of correspondence, inspection and safety. About 1767 he erected a fulling mill in what is now Barkerville, the commencement of what has since been so important an industry in that part of the town. He died in 1802.

William and Elnathan Phelps, brothers, were born in Northampton, the one in 1731, the other in 1734. They were of good descent; their ancestry can be traced back in this country to 1630, in Dorchester. Their parents, William and Thankful (Edwards) Phelps were persons of wealth and of apparently better education than the majority of that day. The brothers came here in 1761. William married, but died here in 1773, leaving no descendants.

Elnathan Phelps is the only one of the eight who is personally remembered, so far as I can learn, by any one now living. Deacon Daniel Stearns remembers him as about five feet, nine inches in height, broad shouldered, but not stout, in weight about two hundred pounds, hair slightly gray and face smoothly shaven, active and energetic in his movements. Deacon James Francis says he was familiarly called Uncle Elly by the community at large. He became a Baptist, or Separatist, as the denomination was then called, and removing to Vermont became a preacher or exhorter. He occasionally returned here to visit relatives and preached. Deacon Francis remembers being in the field one Monday morning with his father when they heard a halloa. Looking over to the road some distance away they saw Elder Phelps, whom they had heard preach in the school house the day before, mounted on horseback and beckoning to them. When he saw he had their attention he shouted to them, "Did you suck any honey out of the rock yesterday?" and passed on. His house, which he built here, was on a road, now disused, leading off from the farther road running from West street towards Stearnsville. He founded a Baptist church in Orwell, Vt., and one in Hampton, N. Y. From him was descended William Miller, the Prophet of the Second Adventists or Millerites, also Professor Austin Phelps of Andover, and his no less distinguished daughter, Elizabeth Stuart, now Mrs. Ward. Some of his descendants are here,

many in Vermont, New York, Michigan and other states of the West. He died at Pownal, Vt., in January, 1813, while on his way to visit his son in Pittsfield.

Lemuel Phelps was a distant relative of the last two mentioned, and also came here from Northampton, where he was born in 1731. We find his name as an enrolled soldier in the army of the revolution, but no record of his death is found and no descendants of his are known here. He probably removed to Vermont.

In the chapel, in our rear, hangs, to-day, a portrait of the Divine, who, one hundred and twenty-five years ago to-day, preached the first sermon to which this church ever listened; but, so far as I know, no picture in any form is preserved of any member of that church. I have given you what acquaintance with them I could within the time allowed me, and now what think ye of them?

They were brave men; for it required no small degree of courage to dwell in this wilderness then; savages lurking all around them, every tree, possibly, concealing a murderer. They were men who loved liberty, as is shown no less in their Congregationalism than in their patriotism. With possibly one exception, every one of them who lived till the day of the revolutionary war, bore arms in that struggle.

They were men to whom religion was a cherished reality, and we find them bringing it with them and providing for its observances and ministrations as one of the first necessities of their pioneer life.

They were men who planned and built wisely for the future, for they planted here a church, which, through all these years, has been a source of untold good to untold numbers, whose means and opportunities for usefulness never greater than to-day, we hope, under Divine guidance, will be faithfully and wisely used and improved until the whole earth is filled with the glory of the Lord.

This is their work, and by their work do we know them.

CHURCH BUILDINGS AND FURNITURE.

BY WILLIAM L. ADAM.

Should some one of us, by any freak of nature, live to meet with those who shall sit in our places on the seventh day of February, in the year 2014, and should the sense of sight or of sound still be left to him, he would see or hear many things that would seem to him strange and not easily understood. But it is much to be doubted if the changes in his surroundings would appear one-tenth part as great as those which one of the eight men who founded this church, one hundred and twenty-five years ago this winter's day, would find in the little settlement that he knew, were he now to step among us and look about him.

The plain, wooden meeting house of 1764, then still in an unfinished state, and the first of the three buildings in which this church has worshipped, stood directly in front of the site of this, its stone grand-child. Its north side, or rear, for its length stretched east and west, probably rested upon some part of the ground now covered by the sidewalk in front of this structure. As it was but thirty-five feet in depth, its front must have been over part of the roadway now between us and the park. Still further to the south stood the magnificent elm, so long the pride and glory of this favored town; a tree then unshorn of any of its beauty, a kindly and beneficent sentinel watching over its little neighbor, nestling so far below its lofty top.

But to get even this unfinished house in which to worship had been no easy task. As far back as the twelfth of Septem-



A. W. E. & Co. Boston

INTERIOR OF FIRST CHURCH.
FEBY 6. 1889.

ber, 1753, at the first meeting of "The Proprietors of the Sixty Settling Lots in the Plantation of Poontoosuck," and as soon as a moderator and a clerk had been chosen, it was voted to lay a tax of three shillings upon each settling lot "for the support of preaching among us," while the next vote appropriated £40 lawful money, with which to build a meeting house. The name of Deacon Crofoot appears upon each of the committees then appointed to carry out the wishes of the meeting, and associated with him upon each was Charles Goodrich, the bearer of a name destined to be so long and honorably known in the church and town, and the representatives of which are still numerous among us.

Many and vexatious delays, however, served to put off the day when the little community should have a house in which to hold its meetings, alike for Sabbath services and for the transaction of its secular business, and it was not till June, 1761, that the various motions produced any effect, when it was voted, "That four shillings be raised on each lot, to pay for raising the meeting house; and every man who comes early to have three shillings credit *per diem*, till the house be raised, and the committee to take account of each man's labor—the other shilling to be paid for rum and sugar." Pittsfield has often been twitted since that time with having rather lax morals. But her most carping critic must admit that one hundred and twenty-eight years have wrought a change for the better, and that the day when the foundations of a house of this sort could be laid with mortar mixed with such a fluid has gone from among us, and forever.

The summer of this year, 1761, saw the little building at last fairly under way, and advanced so far that in March of the next year a town meeting was held within its walls for the first time. The ownership of this house was vested in the town, for the town had taxed itself for the building, and continued to use the meeting house for public purposes till its successor was erected, thirty years later. After that no more town meetings were held in the church, though the town's ownership did not cease till the title passed to the present parish, now somewhat more than fifty years ago.

At this time I pay no heed to the parish as such, simply treating it and its belongings, for the purposes of this anniversary, and as they should always be regarded, as so many members of that body of which the visible church is the head. It is interesting to note here that the first town meeting of Pittsfield was held in the house of Deacon Stephen Crofoot, on the eleventh of May, 1761, the same house in which this church was organized three years afterward.

So far as I know, no trace of this first meeting-house now remains, and nothing connected with it is left to us save some of Mr. Allen's manuscripts, including his letter of acceptance, which may have been read from the desk, before his occupancy of it, by some temporary supply, a hymn-book or two and the records of the church and the town, which often lay upon the little deal table before the pulpit, a table that in turn served both church and state with judicial impartiality. Mrs. Mary L. O'Sullivan, of this town, a grand-daughter of the Rev. Mr. Allen, has a foot stove belonging in the first parsonage, which she says "was perhaps as warm and constant an attendant upon the services of the first church as any that could be found." As the building was guiltless of any heat, and as it was, and even is, sometimes cold in Pittsfield, possibly the surmise is not far from the truth.

Could we have come up to this primitive structure with the gathering congregation, on a fair Sabbath morning of some summer long gone by, we should have seen a very different Pittsfield from the one that we know. East street then entered North and South streets, as East Housatonic street now enters the latter, and from one to two hundred feet east of the corner thus made, on the north side of East street, stood the meeting-house, its front about on the line of the road. No bell would have sounded its call, and if we had ridden, we should have had to fasten our horses wherever chance offered, for, unlike most country parishes, this one has never been willing to surround its churches with unsightly, if useful, rows of horse-sheds. We should have paused a moment to enjoy the shade of the stately elm that stood before the door, and to exchange greetings with friends and neighbors, whom, possibly, we had not seen since the previous Sabbath.

If this first meeting-house was a bare and plain affair, without paint, with the simplest of gable roofs, unbroken even by a belfry, with no blinds to screen its windows, which it must be feared, often showed many broken panes in both its stories, it certainly lacked nothing of good will, with its doors opening east and south and west, through which it urged all who would to come.

Passing in by the south door, we should have found an interior without ornament or decoration of any sort, with seventeen square pews and six long seats upon the lower floor, taking up most of the space, and galleries on the three sides over the doors. Directly in front of us, facing the broad aisle, would have been the pulpit, from which the sturdy Parson Allen wielded so strong an influence over the rising community. Two high-backed chairs would have stood behind the pulpit, while before it would have been the table whose acquaintance we have already made, all of Spartan simplicity.

The owners of the square pews would have taken their places in them, sitting with their families, while the calm exteriors of some of the occupants of the long seats would scarcely have concealed the deadly heart burnings beneath them, caused by the system of "dignifying the house," or seating the congregation according to supposed social rank, then in vogue in New England. In these seats, as in the galleries, a Shaker-like division of the sexes would have attracted our notice, while behind the row of singers in the south gallery would have appeared the sable faces and gleaming teeth of another part of the congregation. All in all it was a typical New England country audience of the last century, gathered in a meeting-house quite inferior and wholly unworthy of the beautiful town of whose life it formed the center.

A generation has now passed away; the infant community has grown to be one of two thousand souls; and the shabby and ill-fitting clothes of its childhood must be laid aside for others of ampler breadth and of fashion better becoming its vigorous youth. So in April, 1789, the town appointed a committee of nine of its most substantial and influential men, to report a plan for a new meeting-house. By November of the

same year they were ready to make their report, with its suggestions as to the size of the new edifice and estimates as to its probable cost. The latter were as thoroughly and liberally exceeded by the actual cost as in the case of any more modern building, thus proving that after all in a full century we have not taken so long a step in advance of our fathers.

The building of this meeting-house probably did more to change the appearance of our village than any other act of which its records make note. A committee in charge of the matter had reported in favor of setting the structure so that it should face the south, with its front upon the line of the street. But in this way the splendors of the architecture of the new church would be hidden from those who approached it from the west, a section of the town whose population was of great weight in public affairs.

Influenced by this strong feeling, the town voted to put the front seven feet further south than the committee had recommended, and to accomplish this, the noble elm must be sacrificed. In fact the ax had already begun its deadly work, when Mrs. John Chandler Williams, the wife of one of Pittsfield's most eminent men, and one who long bore a leading part in its councils, rushed out from her home in the handsome colonial house, now owned by Miss Elizabeth S. Newton, then standing near the front of the present Court House grounds, and actually put herself before the tree, staying the destroyer's arm till the town could reconsider its ill-advised action.

Mr. Williams then offered to give to the town, for a public square, as much of his land lying south of the elm as the town itself would set apart between the elm and the new meeting-house. Most fortunately the offer was gladly accepted, and thus was acquired the space for the open green and park, whose effect upon the beauty and attractiveness of this town can not readily be estimated by any of us, even at this present day. The elm itself forgave the injury, but carried the scars of its wounds deep hidden from sight, only to be revealed when it met its fate in a ripe and beloved old age.

Upon the site then of this present church, between the summer of 1790 and some time in the third year following, rose

the second meeting-house, still well remembered by many hearing me, and familiar to the rest of us as the gymnasium at Maplewood. Its architect was the noted Charles Bulfinch, the impress of whose skill is upon the enlarged Faneuil Hall, upon the State House in Boston, and upon the Capitol at Washington. Ninety feet long, exclusive of the porch, and fifty-five feet wide, this new building could have held within it three houses as large as its little predecessor, still standing but a few feet in front of it. So near was it in fact, that a mortar-bed, lying between the two, in which fire had started from some slacking lime, threatened to be the means of destroying both. As no use had been found for the older structure, it was pulled a little to the east, when it fell to pieces, perhaps not without the least bit of assistance.

The town again taxed itself, as it had done thirty years before, to build this second meeting-house, and it is rather odd to learn that no gifts of fittings or furniture for the handsome structure were made by any individuals, even the cushion for the pulpit having been bought by the town. But we must not suppose that this fact betrays any lack of interest or enthusiasm among the town's people, for in many instances the sum assessed was contributed in the choicest and most carefully selected materials instead of in money. Thus an eighty foot stick of timber came from Dr. Timothy Childs, the ridgepole from Stephen Fowler, two sills from Capt. Charles Goodrich, another sill, fifty feet in length, was brought by Zebulon Stiles, one of the first settlers of the town, Mrs. Stoddard and Mrs. Dickinson, the widows of two men prominent in the Revolution, together furnished a pillar twenty feet long and a pine beam of seventy feet, while Capt. Jared Ingersoll's timber lot in Lenox yielded one of the pillars for the belfry. Time has shown that these materials were of the soundest and best, but were others like them now to be called for from us, this county would have to submit itself to a most rigorous and minute search.

Thirty years had not done away with all the old customs, and the frame of this new building, like the old, was put together with the same liberal help, or hindrance, of a spirituous sort.

But the first season saw it enclosed and covered, and though no record of its completion and dedication is left, it was probably ready for use before the end of the year 1793. The people of the town were justly proud of their imposing house of worship, with its white front facing the newly opened square and surmounted by an open belfry, in which was hung, in the same year, 1793, that object of the greatest interest to them all, their first bell. Although weighing but seven hundred pounds, this bell had a clear and pleasing tone and could be heard, so it is said, when all things favored, as far away as Washington Mountain. Even this result did not satisfy some of the more ambitious, who substituted a heavier tongue than the one with which it was provided, and promptly cracked the bell. Another was soon ordered to be made from the old one, with the addition of not more than three hundred pounds of metal, and continued to perform its duty through summer and winter, for church services and for town meetings, for celebrations and for fire alarms, till it too was cracked and gave way to the bell now hanging above us, cast by George H. Holbrook of East Medway, in 1842.

It was not till another generation had come and gone, in 1822, that the labors of the bell were increased by its duties as public monitor, but since that time, save while fire and the removal of its old home prevented, it has by day and by night faithfully warned the dwellers in the town of the passing of the hours, and the days, and the weeks, and the years.

The appearance of this meeting house is familiar to all who know Pittsfield and its belongings, as it appears so often in prints and views of the square and its elm, and upon so much blue pottery. In fact the front of the building is but little changed now, save that the belfry has given way to an observatory. The recollections, too, of many have been refreshed by the interesting cut, published in the *Evening Journal* of the tenth of last month, showing the semi-circular flagging and row of posts in front of the doors, placed there not far from 1830, and by the valuable calendar, opportunely issued this week by our local fire insurance company. Ninety-six years ago this week the marble steps, which show so plainly in the

cut, and which to-day are still doing duty in front of the doors of this church, were drawn hither, from some quarry in Richmond, by many oxen and with great rejoicing.

Within doors the square pews of the older meeting-house repeated themselves, with the broad or middle aisle, while overhead was an arched ceiling with the elaborate joinery of that period. Somewhat later this ceiling was hidden by a false one on a lower plane; but it was again brought to view, by tearing away the substitute, when the building was moved to its present site. The high pulpit, with a flight of steps on either side, was at the north end, but at the coming of Dr. Todd, and at his request, it was brought down more nearly to the level of the congregation. Behind it hung the well-remembered red curtain, shielding the eyes of the pew-holders from the strong, unobstructed light of the north window. A part of this old pulpit, in which Mr. Allen preached for nearly a score of years, is still preserved in a kneeling stool, made from its wood for Mrs. O'Sullivan.

The arrangement of the galleries was like that in the first building, and repeated in this present church, with the south one set apart for the singers. Into the east gallery, in later years, the young ladies of the Maplewood Institute were wont to be marshalled, under vigilant escort, while by some attraction or other, various young men of the town, or boys here at school, were to be found occupying seats in the opposite gallery. It was noticed that at times the eyes of the young men rested, not upon the preacher in the pulpit before them, but upon the fair sitters across the church. So the edict went forth that the entire school, even to the youngest girl, should appear on the following Sabbath with close green veils. No sooner had they taken their seats than one of the young men in the west gallery, perhaps a staunch believer in homeopathy, or perhaps one who was dazzled by the sunlight which came through the windows with no hindrance from shade or shutter, promptly raised a green umbrella. A week later the green veils gave place to less noticeable ones of black.

Such was the meeting-house which for sixty years served this society faithfully and well. From time to time its interior un-

derwent changes, to adapt it to the varying tastes and wishes of its occupants, noticeably so when, in 1830, the square pews gave way to more convenient slips, and the central aisle was closed. But even then the sentiment in favor of seating the house by means of a committee was too strong to be uprooted, and it held its sway for some years longer. The building had been heated, or alleged to be, by wood stoves of course, for some time prior to 1822, and it had provision for lighting in the shape of whale oil lamps. One of the early recollections of Deacon James Francis, of the Baptist Church of this town, whose memory runs back for a period as long as the allotted life of man, is that of seeing the little pails hung beneath the joints of the pipes that stretched along the fronts of the galleries, in this second meeting-house, from the stoves at the south end to the chimneys at the north end.

For many years the church had held its prayer meetings in such places as it could get, though for the greater part of the time in the old Union Parish meeting-house, which stood where the South Church now is. But after various efforts to procure a building of its own, and through the vigorous measures of Dr. Todd, in 1845 it secured, by grant of the town, sufficient land near the northeast corner of its meeting-house, upon which to erect the white, wooden "Lecture Room," so called, with its Doric portico, so well remembered by many of us as the scene of evening and early morning meetings and of Sunday School concerts. Dr. Todd, in his historical sermon, preached on the third of February, 1873, says of this building, that "It was neat, well proportioned, convenient, and, in the winter, very cold." One might have been disposed to doubt this last statement, if appearance only were the test, for full in view, as one entered the porch, was a pile of unsplit wood, which Sexton Fairbanks left wholly unprotected, at the mercy of an honest community, while within, the stoves, surrounded by a great expanse of tinned side walls and pew fronts and backs, seemed to take up a most generous portion of the space.

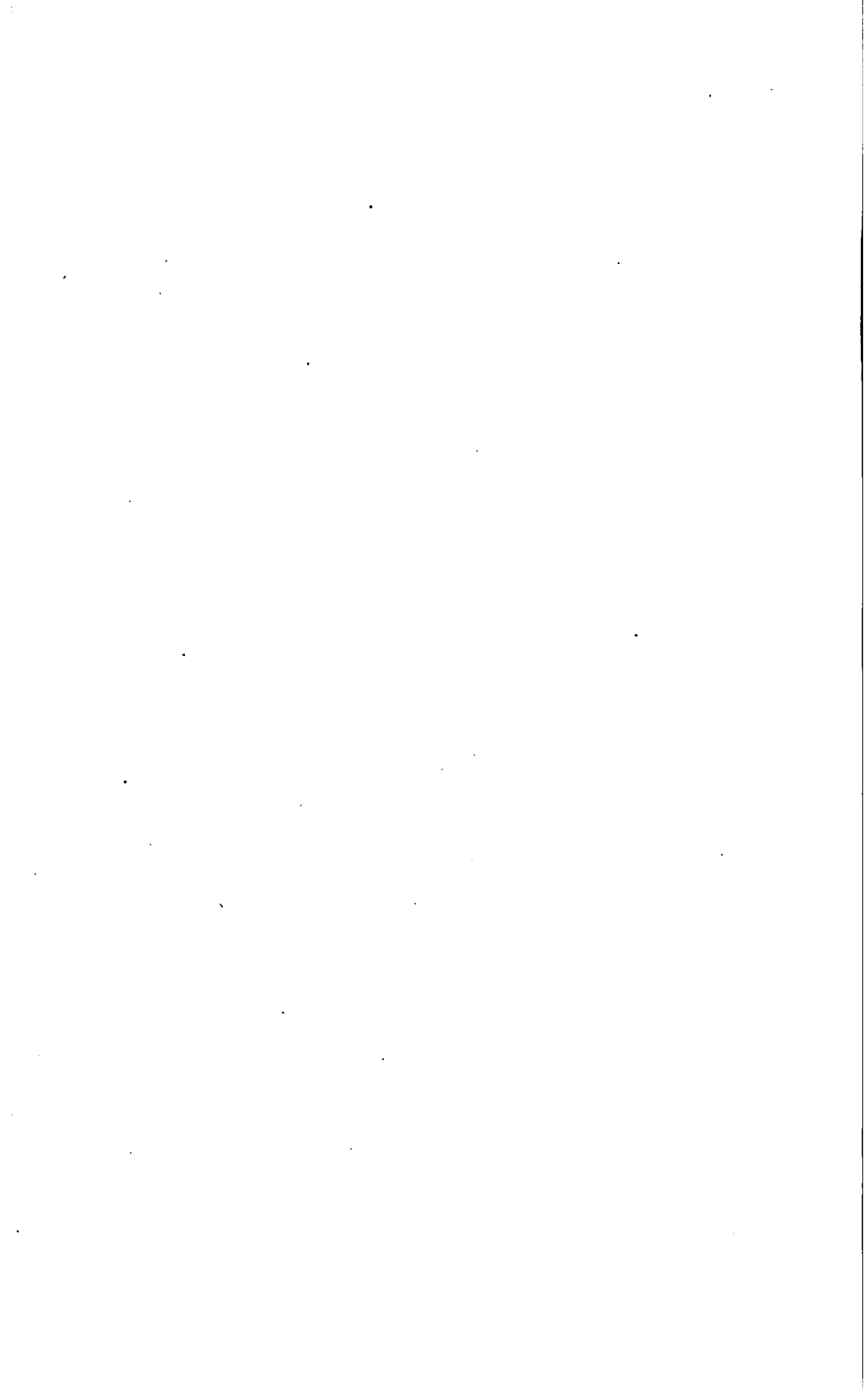
For some reason the interior of this building, which was a little larger than the first meeting-house, is strongly impressed upon my memory. The maps of various missionary fields,



THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE.
(See pages 26 and 27.)



THE FIRST PARSONAGE ERECTED BY THE REV. THOMAS ALLEN, ON THE
CORNER OF EAST AND FIRST STREETS.



hanging upon its walls, always attracted my boyish attention, particularly that of the Sandwich Islands, with their strange and unpronounceable names, while I never failed to read the words "Sunday Noon Library" above the doors of a closed cabinet, at one side of the pulpit, and which, though painted over, can still be dimly traced in the northeast corner of the upper room of the chapel.

It was while an evening meeting, held in this room one cold winter's night, was breaking up, that an alarm of fire was sounded, and word flew about that the lecture room was burning. The condensing vapor, that fell as the heated air from within poured out, gave currency to the rumor, and the indefatigable, albeit somewhat nervous and excitable Col. Barr, chorister of the church, in a state of wild perturbation, to the great entertainment, if not to the edification of the more phlegmatic and unmusical brethren, called loudly for a lantern, that he might climb into the loft, and, by the potent rays of the lamp, discover where the fire might be.

This lecture room, beside at various times harboring both the Episcopal and Lutheran churches, continued to serve its purpose till the completion of the present chapel in 1869, when, after having afforded a temporary shelter to the local court, it was moved back to School street, where, shorn of its classic ornamentation and no longer white, it still does honest, if homely, duty as a supply and store house for the fire department.

Late in the evening of Sunday, the ninth of January, 1834, fire was discovered in the second meeting house, but the flames were soon controlled, and little damage was done. Just seventeen years later, on the morning of Sunday, January ninth, 1851, the church again took fire, this time from one of the stoves, and the interior was burned so that extensive repairs would have been needed to refit it for use. After various propositions and counter-projects, it was decided to abandon the old structure and to build anew. Accordingly the building was soon sold and moved from the old site, the church meanwhile meeting in a hall in the brick block on the west side of North street, just south of the present Central block, till the completion and dedication of the present church edifice, on the sixth of July, 1853.

Much of interest is connected with this meeting-house of 1793 to 1851, and many mementoes of it are still about us. It is probable that more than one of the Bibles used in it and belonging to the church is still in existence, but unmarked and unlettered as they have been, it is not easy to speak of them with certainty. The oldest one of which I know, now in a sadly dilapidated condition, bears the date of 1806, and, in the space left for records, is printed, in large, plain letters, a list of the pastors of the church, beginning with Thomas Allen and ending with John Todd. The handsome copy of the Scriptures that for nearly two score years has lain upon the pulpit, bears upon its side this inscription: "Presented to the First Congregational Church and Society, in thankful acknowledgment of kindness received, by the Proprietors of Saint Stephen's Church, Pittsfield, Anno Domini, 1852." The beautiful copy of the Revised Version, in five volumes, with their protecting case of oak, to be seen behind the pulpit, was the gift of a son of this church, and the Secretary of the American Committee upon the Revision of the Scriptures, the minute of whose baptism is still to be read upon its records. Each of the volumes bears upon its handsome black morrocco side, in plain gold letters, the words: "Presentation Copy from the American Committee of Revision, A. D. 1885," and underneath these, simply, "First Church in Pittsfield, from George E. Day, March 19, 1886."

The mahogany table before me, and now in use in the chapel by the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and the two chairs of the same wood near me, of whose two companions and the long sofa used with them we have lost all trace, formed the subject of a letter, written some years ago, by Mrs. Curtis T. Fenn, of fragrant memory, to a member of this church, a copy of which I am glad to be able to read to you.

"In 1820 it was thought best to have a new communion table and four chairs. There had never been chairs before. As our old pine table of an oval form, covered with green baise and trimmed with a green fringe would not compare with the then talked of slips, the table and chairs were purchased, but we sat in our square boxes for a long time. The deacons were consulted; they were three in number, Eli Maynard, Daniel Crofoot and Charles Goodrich. Whether the deacons or the ladies made the purchase, I do not know. I paid two dollars, and suppose each of the ladies paid the same, perhaps more."

How large the number of ladies was, I do not know. If it was equal to the number now connected with the church, or to those present at an annual meeting of the Free Will Society, the furniture must have cost a royal sum.

This church is fortunate in the possession of its communion service of silver, every piece of which has been in use upon this mahogany table. Almost all of it is severely plain, with hardly a scratch or dent upon it, very handsome and endeared by long association. The four tumbler-shaped cups, clearly marked in bold, strong script, with the words, "Pittsfield Church," and below these, on one of them, the date, 1809, were bought in that year, by the women of the church. In the first volume of its records appears a vote of thanks by the church, to its female members, for the gift, followed by the interesting note that the cups cost sixty dollars.

The four goblets came to the church with the coming back of the Union Parish, to which they had been given by Mrs. Mary Strong, and all are marked as gifts, with her name. The records of that society, under date of January second, 1816, mention these four silver goblets in a vote of thanks to Widow Mary Strong.

The four plates, three of them of the same pattern, were bought for the church, in New York, by Deacon Phinehas Allen, who also bought the desert spoon, marked with the church's name, at the same time. This must have been since the coming of Dr. Todd, for it was to relieve the annoyance of the good Doctor, at his inability to remove an occasional speck that would float upon the surface in some goblet, that Mr. Allen bought the spoon.

In 1805 there is reference made, in the records of the church, to the gift of a silver "bason" from Oliver Wendell, Esq., of Boston, a distinguished patriot of that Revolutionary town, a man whose influence made itself felt upon the social life of Pittsfield, and the grandfather of the wise and witty little man who has been so much of a favorite among us. Some confusion may possibly have arisen as to this gift, for the beautiful bowl, from which so many here present have been baptized, a perfect specimen of the silversmith's art, bears, distinctly engraved upon

its side, the statement that it was the gift of Oliver Wendell, Esq., of Boston, to the Union Parish, of Pittsfield, in 1810. Whether this engraving was done subsequently, under a misapprehension, or whether there were really two bowls, one of which has disappeared, I cannot now say.

It is of interest to read that in 1818 the church, having "no further use for certain cups, presented many years since by the late Charles Goodrich, Esq., for the Communion table," voted: "that the said cups be delivered to his son, Dea. Charles Goodrich," to be "by him presented, in the name of the Church, to the Congregational Church in Pittsfield, Vermont," by which they are still used. The next July this gift was supplemented by another of the tankards, for which there was no further use. These also had been presented by Charles Goodrich, and it is probable that the two tall tankards now used, which, unfortunately, are not of silver, had been bought not long before this time.

The fire of 1851 destroyed the organ then in the church, not the first, however, that the old south gallery had held. As far back as 1816, Joseph Shearer, who certainly deserves to be honored by this church and town, for six years later he presented the latter with the clock that still regulates our comings and our goings, gave the church the first of the organs that it has had. But though glad to receive it, the church seems to have shown small appreciation of the gift, possibly because no one was able to use it, though it has been intimated that its pagan presence was an unwelcome intruder, at that time, within the walls of a New England meeting house, and the pipes became the plunder of the boys about the village streets. From this time until 1846, when another organ, a second-hand instrument, was purchased, the accompaniment to the singing was furnished by an orchestra, the flute played by Dr. Robert Campbell, and another of the instruments in which was a ponderous bass viol, a part of which is still in the possession of Mr. John C. West, and is to be seen to-day hanging in a corner of the chapel.

The introduction of so worldly a thing as this base viol caused at least one man in town, whose descendants are still living here, to forbid his family to enter the meeting-house thus desecrated by the frog-like sounds of this invention of the Evil

One. Its manipulator was a Mr. Merriman, but once his strength and his skill failed to have their usual effect upon the product of the workshop of the Prince of Darkness, because, alas ! one of the enterprising boys of the town had drawn its mighty bow across his freshly greased boot.

This organ of 1846 was considered a great addition to the town, and its capabilities were shown by means of an elaborate public concert. The first organist to have charge of this instrument was Miss Helen Dunham, a daughter of Deacon James H. Dunham of the South Church.

With the building of the present church came a fine organ, secured through the efforts of Mr. David Campbell, from the factory of the Messrs. Hook in Boston. Like its predecessors, it found its home in the south gallery, where it stood until 1876, when many of its pipes, having the tone and sweetness which only time and use can give, found their way into the organ now before you, made by the firm of Johnson & Son of Westfield, and the generous gift to this society of Mr. George W. Campbell and his sister, Mrs. Col. Thaddeus Clapp.

Not the least interesting ties that bind this church to the old meeting-house are the oaken communion table, chairs and settees, given by Mr. and Mrs. Jason Clapp, carved in Canaan, New York, by an Englishman in Mr. Clapp's employ, John Varney, and made from wood taken from the old building, probably from a pillar from the belfry, and possibly from the very one furnished by Capt. Ingersoll.

Of the present beautiful church I have little need to speak. Like its predecessors it has been open to all that was best and noblest in the life of our town, and like its immediate precursor it has once opened its arms to welcome all the world to a meeting of the American Board. Like the two that have gone before it, it is the child of the soil of our county, for the stones for its walls were taken from a quarry in Adams, and those for the corners came from Great Barrington. Its architect, Leopold Eidlitz, of New York, a man thought worthy to be associated with the great Richardson in the task of attempting to bring order, fitness and beauty out of the chaos of elements in the Capitol at Albany, is still living ; the children, grand-child-

dren and great-grand-children of its builder, Levi Goodrich, and one member of its building committee, John C. West, are with us to-day ; while the church itself, substantially unchanged, stands as it has stood in our midst for more than a generation. The stone chapel in its rear, now more than half the age of the church, but little changed in twenty years, adds much to its convenience, while its beauty has been greatly enhanced by the decoration of its walls, seven years ago this spring, under the direction of Mr. Prentice Treadwell.

The parish itself has honored the memory of three of its ministers by the marble tablets now upon the walls of the vestibule, while the figures, in robes of richly colored glass, in the window under the east gallery, the gift of Mr. Harding in 1882, and the work of Mr. Treadwell, keep green the memories of Nancy Campbell Harding and two of her children, Malcolm and Hope.

Very fitting is it too, that the great south window, with its gorgeous coloring, given by Mrs. Henry G. Marquand of New York, a grand-daughter of the first minister of the church, in memory of her parents, Jonathan and Eunice Williams Allen, made by Louis Tiffany and uncovered in 1882, should look both southward and northward over the ground whereon stood the two pulpits that Mr. Allen filled so long and so well.

Such have been the surroundings and some of the belongings of this First Church of Pittsfield during the century and a quarter of its existence. Who or what shall be after us we do not know ; but surely we can fondly cherish the hope that our descendants and successors, one hundred and twenty-five years from to-day, may find this stately edifice still standing, mellowed by time, further enriched and adorned by the hand of man, and still tenanted by a church whose beneficent and uplifting influence shall be shed upon the Town of Pittsfield, the County of Berkshire, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and throughout the length and breadth of this earth that we inhabit.

THE HISTORICAL RELATIONS OF CHURCH TO TOWN AND PARISH.

BY JAMES M. BARKER.

A century and a quarter ago, the eight foundation men, to the story of whose lives you have just listened, were here gathered as the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield. As they left the dwelling where they had signed that confession of faith and covenant, went, and in that short procession through the snow to the little meeting-house, there walked with them, after their omnipotent God and the Power of His Word, other unseen but well-marshalled forces; those of human government and of statute law, long time prepared. Our theme involves these forces. The relation of an old New England church to Town and Parish has its root and key in the purposes and laws of the original colonists.

To preach the Gospel unto every creature was a commandment of their Lord, although He came not to institute an earthly government, but to so save and mould man, that whether ruler or subject his acts and institutions should, in the end, be perfect in righteousness, justice, and mercy.

But the command to preach seemed paramount to men who, on board the Mayflower, had solemnly declared that they had undertaken their voyage for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith; and to their successors, who reiterated that the great and known end of the first comers was that they might enjoy the pure, scriptural worship of God, and that their children after them might walk in the holy ways of the Lord.

It was inevitable that such men should seriously consider the

The Great Patent of New England, (1621) Plym.Col.Laws p. 1.

The Charter of the Colony of New Plymouth (1620) Plym.Col.Laws, p. 21.

The Charter of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay (1628) Anc. C. & L. of Mass. Bay, p. 1.

The Charter of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, (1691) Anc. C. & L. of Mass. Bay, p. 18.

The Explanatory Charter, (1726) Anc. C. & L. of Mass. Bay p. 38.

The Mayflower Compact, (Nov. 11, 1620.) Plym.Col.Laws p. 19.

General Laws & Liberties of New Plymouth Colony, (1671.) Plym.Col.Laws p. 241.

Laws of New great defect that is like to be for want of an Able, Godly, Teaching Ministry, and should ordain that the public worship and service of God should be maintained in every township;

Laws of New that all who in any lazy, slothful or profane way should neglect to attend, should be fined or publicly whipped; that the comfortable support of the minister should be assured by proportional taxes upon the inhabitants according to their abilities;

Laws of New that all churches orderly gathered should be protected and encouraged by the government in their peaceable and orderly walking, and the Faithful, Able, Orthodox, Teaching Ministry thereof duly encouraged and provided for.

Gen. Laws & Liberties of N. Plymouth, revision of 1688, Address of Sept 29. Plym. Col. Laws, p. 106. Similar views and ordinances obtained in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. There every inhabitant was required to contribute to all charges both in Church and Commonwealth whereof, as the act says, "he doth or may receive benefit."

In its Body of Liberties the liberty and privileges of the churches were abundantly defined; the duty of the Christian magistrate to take care the people be fed with wholesome and sound doctrine, declared; contemptuous behavior towards the Preached Word or the messengers thereof, punished; the courts empowered to order and appoint what maintenance should be allowed to Ministers provided for all places and all people within their gates, that so the name of their Lord being known and exalted he might still delight in them, and continue his favorable presence, and their unparalleled enjoyments both temporal and spiritual.

The people of the Province were largely of Pilgrim and Puritan descent; they had been reared under the teachings of the Colonists, and their laws were drafted in the same spirit.

At its first session in 1662 the Provincial Legislature enacted statutes for the better observation and keeping of the Lord's day, and for the settlement and support of Ministers in every town. These Ministers were first to be selected by the church, and the choice ratified by the town, or by a Council if they could not agree. In case of neglect, the courts had power to compel the settlement and support of a minister, and if there

Mass. Perpetual Laws (Ed of 1742.) Ch. 7, pp. 14, 15; Ch. 10, pp 17, 18; Ch. 12, p. 21. Mass. Perpetual Laws (Ed. of 1742.) Ch. 20, p. 36. Act of 1695, Ch. 9, p. 70. Act of 1702, Ch. 3, pp. 153, 154. Act of 1718, Ch. 8, pp. 215, 216. Act of 1742, Ch. 8, pp. 331, 332. Act of 1751, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 241, pp. 577, 578. Act of 1754, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 259, pp. 605, 606.

Mass. Perpetual Laws (Ed. of 1742.) Ch. 20, p. 36. Act of 1695, Ch. 9, p. 70. Act of 1702, Ch. 3, pp. 153, 154. Act of 1718, Ch. 8, pp. 215, 216. Act of 1742, Ch. 8, pp. 331, 332. Act of 1751, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 241, pp. 577, 578. Act of 1754, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 259, pp. 605, 606.

Mass. Perpetual Laws (Ed. of 1742.) Ch. 20, p. 36. Act of 1695, Ch. 9, p. 70. Act of 1702, Ch. 3, pp. 153, 154. Act of 1718, Ch. 8, pp. 215, 216. Act of 1742, Ch. 8, pp. 331, 332. Act of 1751, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 241, pp. 577, 578. Act of 1754, Anc. Ch. & L. of Mass. Bay, Ch. 259, pp. 605, 606.

was no gathered church he should be selected by the town with the advice of three neighboring ordained ministers.

This compulsory support was promised to able and learned orthodox ministers, and because some ignorant and illiterate persons had been settled, assessments for the support of a minister thereafter settled were forbidden, unless he had been educated at some university, college, or public academy for instruction in the learned languages and in the arts and sciences, or had received a degree from such an institution, or a testimonial, under the hands of the majority of the settled ministers of the county, that he was of sufficient learning to qualify him for the work of the ministry.

Act of 1760,
Anc. Ch. & L.
of Mass. Bay,
Ch. 272, pp. 621,
622.

Under such laws, the territory now Pittsfield was set apart for a township, and the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield was gathered. When such a government granted new townships, it was sure to make precise provisions for the support of religious teaching.

On June 27, 1735, the town of Boston obtained a right to locate three townships each six miles square, and the right to Boston Township No. 3, sold in June, 1736, was exercised in 1738, when the plat was accepted and allowed.

The terms of the grant required the settlement within five years of sixty families of His Majesty's good subjects, inhabitants of the Province, who should improve their lands, build and finish a suitable and convenient home for the public worship of God, settle a learned orthodox minister, and provide for his honorable and comfortable support; and also to lay out three house-lots, similar to the sixty for the settlers families, each to draw a sixty-third part of the common land, one to be for the first settled minister, one for the ministry, and one for the schools.

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. I, pp.
65, 66.

This township was known until 1761 as the Plantation of Pontoosuc. It was not incorporated as a plantation until 1753, and on September 12th of that year its first formal proprietor's meeting was held.

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. I, p.
91.

Act of incor-
poration not
printed. See
general act
1751-2, Ch. 1, A.
& Res. of P. of
Mass. Bay, p.
565.

It voted a tax of three shillings on each settling lot for the support of preaching, forty pounds for building a meeting-house, and raised committees to agree with some suitable per-

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. I, p.
93.

son or persons to preach, and to manage the whole affair of the meeting-house.

St. 1761, C. 84,
Acts & Res. of
Prov. of Mass.
Bay, Vol. 4, pp.
434, 435.

In 1761 the plantation of Pontoosuc became the Town of Pittsfield, by an act providing that no inhabitant or proprietor, except those holding the sixty original lots, should be obliged to pay any part or proportion of the charge toward settling the first minister or building a meeting-house.

Thus the newly gathered church found ready a civil government whose main purpose was to protect and aid religion. A town charged with the duty and clothed with the power of furnishing financial support. Certain landed proprietors who had contracted to build a place of worship and supply the material inducements for the settlement of a minister. Awaiting that settlement to become his absolute property, a settling lot of one hundred acres, including the site of this edifice, and other lands drawn in the division of the commons. Also a similar lot and lands drawn by it, devoted to the support of the ministry, the income of which would be the minister's for life, and which could be sold only with his concurrence.

Prov. Laws, St.
1764, Ch. 12, § 2.
A. & Res. of P.
of Mass. Bay,
Vol. 4, pp. 778,
779.
Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. 1, pp.
159, 160.

In advance of his coming this corner of the minister's lot had been cleared and appropriated for a burial ground and church common. A meeting house had been erected, and, though unfinished, was in use for religious and town meetings. Several candidates had been received, and he who was to become the first settled minister had preached as a probationer since the early part of the preceding December. To effectuate the settlement, the concurrence of church, proprietors, town, and candidate was necessary, and the approval of a council of neighboring churches usual.

With perfect unanimity the Church on March 5, 1764, elected its pastor; the Town ratified the choice and voted a salary of sixty pounds a year to be increased five pounds annually up to eighty pounds, and the Proprietors voted ninety pounds in three yearly instalments to enable him to settle himself among them. These terms were accepted on March 20, 1764, and the ordination solemnized on the 18th of April.

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. 1, pp.
164, 165.

By these acts the first minister of Pittsfield was settled, and became owner in fee of the minister's home and out lots, enti-

tled to the income of the ministry lands, and to have his yearly salary assessed upon the polls and estates of the inhabitants of the town, and collected and paid over to him by its officers. One of his first acts, an earnest of his public spirit, was to confirm to the town by deed that portion of his home lot, which, before his coming, had been devoted to public uses.

Hist. of Pitts-
field. Vol. 1, p.
160. Pamphlet
of Rev. William
Allen.

By finishing the meeting-house, and the payment of their ninety pounds, the proprietors fulfilled their obligations, and thereafter had no corporate connection with church or ministry. Charged with the duty of maintaining the worship of God, were the minister, the church and the town.

The church, presided over by the minister as moderator of its meetings, had sole authority in matters of membership and discipline. Its proceedings were recorded in its own church records.

The inhabitants of the town, in their corporate capacity, raised the money necessary to pay the minister's salary, the expenses of the meeting-house and of conducting public worship. They met for secular purposes in the meeting-house, and by their committees regulated the order in which the congregation were seated, saving the rights of the few owners of pews in the original edifice. The selectmen had care of the meeting-house as of other town property. Order during religious services was enforced by tithingmen, officers chosen by the town. Ecclesiastical and secular matters were considered in the same meetings, under articles of the same warrants, and the votes were recorded by the town clerk in the same record.

Hist. of Pitts-
field. Vol. 1, pp.
153, 154.

Whoever by residence or birth became an inhabitant of the town was liable as such to be taxed for the support of preaching, and, if a voter, had voice and vote in town meeting upon ecclesiastical as upon other questions.

St. 1692, Ch. 26,
§§ 1, 3. St. 1693,
C. 46, §§ 7-11. A.
& Res. of Prov.
of Mass. Bay,
pp. 62, 102, 108.

The only legal exceptions were Quakers, Baptists and Episcopalians. By temporary laws, renewed from time to time, the two former denominations were relieved from liability for assessments for ecclesiastical purposes; and by a standing law the town treasurer must deliver to their own minister taxes for the support of public worship collected of professed members of the church of England, if such minister and his church war-

Plym. Col.
Laws, pp. 102,
108, 114, 122, 125,
126, 127, 129, 130.
Mass. Col.
Laws, pp. 48,
60-63, 234, 250.
Prov. Laws,
1702, C. 10, Vol.
1, p. 505.
1728-9, Ch. 4,
Vol. 2, pp. 494-
496.
1729-30, Ch. 6,

Vol. 2, pp. 543, 544. 1731-2, Ch. 11, Vol. 2, pp. 619, 620. 1734-5, Ch. 6, Vol. 2, pp. 714, 715. 1740-41, Ch. 6, Vol. 2, pp. 1021, 1022. 1747-8, Ch. 6, Vol. 3, p. 362. 1752-3, Ch. 15, Vol. 3, pp. 644, 645. 1755-6, Ch. 32, Vol. 3, pp. 915, 916. 1757-8, Ch. 20, Vol. 4, pp. 67, 68, 3 Gray, 84. 1758-9, Ch. 15, §5, Vol. 4, pp. 180, 181. 1760-1, Ch. 21, Vol. 4, pp. 419, 420. 1763-4, Ch. 25, Vol. 4, p. 681. 1770-1, Ch. 10, Vol. 5, pp. 111-113. 1774, Ch. 6, Vol. 5, pp. 392-394. 1777-8, Ch. 4, Vol. 5, p. 732. 1779-80, Ch. 18, Vol. 5, pp. 1120-1125. 1742, Ch. 8, Vol. 3, p. 25. Laws of Mass. Vol. 1, p. 546. St. 1797, C. 23. St. 1799, C. 87.

Colburn v. Ellis, 7 Mass. 89. Sutton Parish v. Cole, 8 Mass. 96. Kingsbury v. Slack, 8 Mass. 154. Besides these provisions the legislature, by special acts, created Poll-Parishes, of certain named persons and their estates, and provided modes by which others could join them. Members of such Poll-parishes, by filing proper certificates with the Town Clerk, were liable to assessment in their own parish. They were not in terms debarred from voting in town meetings upon ecclesiastical questions, but usually did refrain.

The effect of the creation of a poll-parish in any town, was that its remaining inhabitants in their corporate capacity thereupon became a parish, and the First or Principal parish in that place, and so remained charged with its religious duties. Upon such a separation the corporate property of the town was by operation of law divided. That portion which had been held for secular purposes remained the property of all the inhabitants in their corporate capacity as a town; but that held for religious uses became the peculiar property of the First parish. Minot v. Curtis, 7 Mass. 441. Brown v. Porter, 10 Mass. 97. Milton Parish v. Milton, 10 Pick, 447. Shrewsbury Parish v. Smith, 14 Pick, 297. Ludlow v. Sikes, 19 Pick, 317. Medford Parish v. Medford, 21 Pick' 190. Tobey v. Wareham Bank, 13 Met. 440. Sudbury Parish v. Jones, 8 Cushing, 184.

After such a separation the officers of the town were, notwithstanding, *ex-officio* the officers of the First parish. It was the regular, although not the usual, practice to deal with ecclesiastical matters in meetings called for that purpose alone, and to which only those entitled to vote with the First parish were warned.

This was in substance the legal status until 1834. The state constitution of 1780 reaffirmed the right of government to require suitable provision for public worship and the support of ministers, and to enjoin attendance at church, but declared that, if the tax payer required it, all moneys paid by him should be uniformly applied to the support of the minister of his own

religious sect or denomination, on whose instructions he attended.

No legislation was framed to carry out this constitutional provision until 1799, when all the old statutes were repealed by an act confirming the liberties and privileges of the churches, requiring every town, parish, and religious society to be constantly provided with a public protestant teacher of piety, religion, and morality, with power to lay taxes for his support. But the assessors might omit those who belonged to and usually attended another denomination, and, if taxed, they might by filling a certificate procure the payment of the tax to their own ministers. This statute declared the law as it had been understood and acted upon by the people, and when in 1810 it was unexpectedly construed by the Court to provide for payments to ministers of incorporated religious societies only, the Legislature by a new "Act Respecting Public Worship and Religious Freedom," promptly placed members of unincorporated religious societies upon the same footing; and in this statute the limitation *protestant* is not found.

St. 1799, C. 87,
Laws of Mass.,
Vol. 2, pp. 31-33.

Barnes v. Falmouth Parish, 6 Mass. 401.

Lovel v. Byfield Parish, 7 Mass. 230.

Smith v. Dalton, 2 Danes Abr. 337.

St. 1811, Ch. 6, Laws of Mass., Vol. 2, pp. 276, 276.

In 1824 an easy mode of changing membership from one religious society to another of the same or a different denomination was provided, and the taxing of a citizen who belonged to any religious society by any other was forbidden.

St. 1823, C. 106 (Feb. 16, 1824), Laws of Mass., Vol. 3, pp. 52-54.

The principles of compulsory membership of some parish, and of compulsory contribution by taxation for the expense of public worship, still remained in the constitution and the statutes.

The adoption of the eleventh constitutional amendment in 1834, and the enactment of a statute of that year, freed the towns from obligation to support religious teaching and worship, left every one free to withdraw from his parish or society without joining another, and declared that no person thereafter should be made a member without his own express consent.

Const. Amdt. Art. XI. St. 1834, Ch. 183. The Gen. Laws, 1832-1834, pp. 197-201.
H. 1834, Ch. 183, §2.

The power of parishes and religious societies to tax actual members was however expressly reaffirmed, and remained until the first day of January, 1888, when, under the operation of an act which declares that religious societies shall not assess taxes on the polls or estates of their members, it finally expired.

St. 1834, Ch. 183, §4.
St. 1887, C. 419.

Founded in and regulated by these laws, the story of the relations of the First Church to the Town and Parish is creditable; displaying depth of Christian feeling on the part of the church, liberality and wisdom on the part of the town, and complete fulfilment of duty by the Parish.

St. 1795, C. 28,
Mass. Spec. Ls.
Vol. 2, pp. 4, 5.

The first poll-parish, a Baptist society, was chartered in 1795, and by that act, under the general law, the First Parish came into legal existence.

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. 1, C.
22, 24, 25.

Before this time, however, the number of Baptists, Episcopalians, and Shakers, had increased to about a tenth of the population. But in the conduct of town affairs the presence of these denominations was practically ignored. The town meeting voted the minister's salary, made appropriations to reimburse his losses consequent upon his patriotic services to the country, and dealt with the proceeds of the sale of the ministry and school lands, as though there were no conflicting feelings and interests. This course gave rise to so much dissension that in 1788 a formal attempt was made with some success to remove the causes of uneasiness. The work of building the second meeting-house was commenced immediately after this episode. The town devoted to it as well as the proceeds of a tax levied upon all its inhabitants, as the funds already in its treasury realized from the sale of the ministry and school lands. This appropriation of the town moneys was unsatisfactory to the citizens who did not worship with the First Church, and they protested against the collection of the tax. The town at first stoutly maintained its position, but, when it became apparent that a suit brought by a dissenter against its assessors and collector would be successful, they gracefully assented to the payment of the dissenters' meeting-house taxes to their own religious teachers, and so this trouble was for the time ended.

The whole town was justly proud of the new meeting-house of 1790, and although in the town records no mention is made that it was intended for religious purposes, and in the church records no intimation that it was building for their use, it was

Hist. of Pitts-
field, Vol. 2, Lo-
cal Pamphlets,
Athenæum, etc.

never used for town meetings or secular purposes.

From its completion apparent quiet reigned until political differences became so bitter as to divide the inhabitants of the

town into two apparently irreconcilable factions, almost like hostile armies. The church itself was rent in twain. On the 27th of February, 1809, the two houses of the Legislature, by an act which the Governor would not sign, incorporated the disaffected congregationalists into a religious society by the name of "Union Parish," and by an *exparte* council a new congregational church was organized. These new organizations contained nearly half of the congregationalists in numbers and more than half in wealth. The controversy, in press, pamphlet, correspondence, and conversation, was most bitter and distressing. In its midst the first minister of the town finished his earthly work, and his son was settled in his place. On October 23d, 1809, the town voted \$400.00 for the support of the ministry, to be assessed exclusively on the polls and estates of the members of the First parish, and ordered the bell ringer to ring the meeting-house bell for the accommodation of all the different parishes. The next year there was no article in the town warrant concerning preaching, but the whole income of the town funds was voted for the support of schools. The only other mention of ecclesiastical matters in the town records, until 1817, is an endeavor to call the town treasurer to account for having paid the income of the town funds to the minister, notwithstanding the orders of the town to the contrary.

St. 1809, C. 108.
Not printed in
usual Editions
of laws.

Pitts'ld Town
Records, 1809-
1818, p. p. 250,
351, 353, 423, 480.

But however impossible it seemed, this estrangement was happily if not speedily terminated. By mutual action the two congregational churches were made one in the year 1817, and the legislature, by an act respecting the support of public worship in the Town of Pittsfield, consolidated the Union parish with the First parish, and reinstated it in the position occupied by the Town as to ecclesiastical affairs before 1809. Nothing can be more satisfactory or instructive than the story of this reunion, due very much to the unselfish christian spirit of the pastors of the two churches, each of whom resigned his settlement to ensure it, and thoroughly cemented by the tact and zeal of the wise divine who became pastor upon the reunion.

St. 1817, C. 88,
Mass. Sp. Laws.
Vol. 5, p. 199.

From this time the town resumed its functions in connection

with the church, transacting its ecclesiastical business in separate meetings, keeping in view the distinction between that and the ordinary town matters, and causing the moneys to be assessed and collected upon the polls and estates of the members of the congregational society. The limits of the parish land were fixed upon the present lines by deed from the inhabitants of the Town, and all went smoothly until the constitutional amendment and legislation of 1834 relieved the town from ecclesiastical duties.

Since that time the First Church has been ministered to in financial matters by the First Parish, with what faithfulness and good will this edifice and its appurtenances, and the work and benefactions of which it has been the scene and center, attest. Until recently the people of the Town were wont to come to this spot, as to their home, for union services of Fast and of Thanksgiving. May they never relinquish the habit of here offering their prayers at sunrise upon the first morning of each new year.

Such is the outline of the historical relations between church, parish, and town. Whoever would see it clothed upon with the personality of the actors, and would know accurately and intimately their trials and triumphs, their depths of dissention and bickering, and their happy heights of peace and reconciliation, has only to consult the admirable and complete narrative prepared by the Historian of Pittsfield.

For more than a century and a half this ground has been set apart for religious uses. Never has it known the ownership of a private individual for private ends. No plough, held by husbandman seeking earthly harvest, has scarred its surface. By no structure reared for man's own gain, or pride, or pleasure, has it ever been polluted. It is in truth virgin soil. "The groves were God's first temples." How grand and stately were the arches and aisles of the temple builded here by the inanimate forces of nature before man's coming, you may know by recalling the tall and shapely stem and glorious crown of the old elm, which stood so long watching this hallowed ground.

"All creatures praise him." Who shall say whether the tuneful chorus of birds mingling with the murmur of the

summer wind in that matchless grove ; the sigh of the southern zephyr, the bitter wail of winter gales through giant hemlocks once standing here, were not some dim rehearsal of the song and prayer of Christian worship which have now so long ascended from this spot.

Who shall say that the wild flower springing from the untrodden sward, bathed with golden sunlight flickering through the leaves, did not show forth the lily and the rose upon this altar sheltered by these walls, glowing in the light of these jeweled windows, thrilling as this air pulsates with sacred music, with grace of form, with perfume and with color, in this sacrificial ending of their lives, praising Him !

Even as this site has been saved throughout the ages for its present use, so, by His Providence, have the Parish and the Church been kept, and are to-day here ! Strong ! But now with no strength borrowed from the arm of civil authority, and in the present rather than the standing order, ready and able, without forced or extraneous human aid, to spread abroad yet more effectually the " glad tidings of great joy to all men."

In 1809 a petition was presented to the General Court asking that "a poll-parish by the name of 'Union Parish' be incorporated in the town of Pittsfield."

In accordance with the prayer of this petition, an Act was passed by both houses of the Legislature, February 25, 1809, entitled "An Act to incorporate certain persons, inhabitants of the town of Pittsfield, into a Religious Society by the name of 'Union Parish,' in the town of Pittsfield."

The following persons were the incorporators named in said act: Woodbridge Little, Butler Goodrich, William Hollister, Titus Goodman, Titus Goodman, Jr., Daniel Pepoon, James D. Colt, Jr., Daniel James, David Campbell, David Campbell, Jr., Samuel D. Colt, John Sanford, Jeremy Warriner, Ralph Warriner, Milo Smith, Lemuel Pomeroy, Nathaniel Dexter, Aaron Newell, Reuben Brooks, John Churchill, Jr., Frederick Drake, Enoch White, Ambrose Collins, Moses Root, Ashbel Strong, Thomas B. Strong, John C. Williams, Ebenezer Center, Israel Peck, William Kittredge, Richard Barnard, John W. Hulburt, Charles Goodrich, Charles Goodrich, Jr., Nathaniel Fairfield, Joseph Gasper, Zebulon Reed, Nathan Clark, Joseph Fairfield, Joseph Fairfield, Jr., Appleton Whitney, Elkanah Watson, Richard Campbell, Benjamin Newell, Abner Root, Edward Eells, Rufus Shumway, Josiah Willard, Stephen Mead, William Cadwell, Royal D. Cadwell, Benjamin Luce, Josiah Raot, Wills Fowler, Arthur Scholfield, Henry Taylor, Moses Hayden, Jr., Ephraim Mead, Benjamin Kent, Joseph Merritt, Nathaniel Tremain, Theodore Hinsdale, Jr., Isaac Ward, Ephraim Durwin, Ephraim Durwin, Jr., Alanson Durwin, Nathaniel Fairfield, Jr., Enoch Fairfield, John Fairfield, Absalom Backus, Elisha Ely, William Wilbur, William Partridge, Ira West, Jashub B. Luce, Zebediah Stiles, Daniel Chapman, Timothy Haskell, Reuben Haskell, Sidney Haskell, Henry James, James Buell, Isaac Goodale, William W. Colt, Seaborn Burt, Erastus Sacket, Elias Keller, Henry Peck, Benjamin Keeler, Joseph Keeler, Ephraim Stiles, Thomas Gold, Rufus Johnson, Titus Wright, Isaac Freeman, Timothy Cadwell, Jason Clapp, Jonathan Childs, Isaiah Hungerford, Calvin Sears, Jonathan Weston, Thomas Selvey, Stephen Fowler, Eliphalet Case, Ezra Colton, Ephraim Stiles and Quentus Pomeroy.

THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERIAL FUND.

BY WILLIAM R. PLUNKETT.

Woodbridge Little, whose will was dated March 20, 1813, and which was admitted to probate August 3, 1818, bequeathed to the Union Parish five hundred dollars for establishing a fund, the interest of which was to be paid yearly toward the salary of the minister of that Parish, and he directed that the fund be placed in the hands of Trustees. He says, "And as it has always been my sincere and ardent desire to prevent the causes, and avoid the consequences, of the unhappy divisions which have taken place in the Congregational Society in this town, and which has issued in the establishment of Union Parish, so if, at any time, an Union should be effected between the two societies and Churches, on principles of Christian charity, and they become in fact one society and church, it is, in that case, my will and desire that said sum be appropriated for the same purpose and in the same manner for the United Society."

In 1822 the Legislature of the State passed an Act to incorporate the Trustees of the Ministerial Fund in the town of Pittsfield, and Deacon Daniel Crowfoot, Calvin Martin, Samuel M. McKay, Thomas B. Strong, Joseph Shearer, Nathan Willis and John C. Williams, were named in the act as Trustees. The object of the Corporation was declared to be "the prudent management of the fund of the Congregational Society in said town." The Corporation was authorized to dispose of the "ministerial lot of land." The Trustees were holden "to render to the Congregational Society a true account of their doings yearly." They were also required "to provide that the income of the fund shall be duly and regularly applied to the use designed, to wit: to the support of the public worship of God in said Society." The corporation was organized under this

act, at the office of John Chandler Williams, May 7, 1823, and John Chandler Williams was chosen President, Samuel M. McKay, Clerk, and Calvin Martin, Treasurer, the last named gentleman continuing in office until 1851.

The Presidents of the Corporation have been John Chandler Williams, Joseph Shearer, Nathan Willis, Thomas B. Strong, Phinehas Allen, Edwin Clapp, William R. Plunkett.

The Treasurers, Calvin Martin, Henry G. Davis, John R. Warriner.

The Clerks, Samuel M. McKay, Calvin Martin, Henry G. Davis, John R. Warriner.

In 1827 the Corporation received for the sale of the remaining part of the ministry lot, reserved at the sale of the "Town Commons," seven hundred dollars. In 1831 the Trustees received from the avails of a fund left by John R. Crocker, the interest of which had been paid to his daughter during her lifetime, the sum of four hundred and seventy-six dollars and ninety-four cents. In 1832 the will of Daniel Crowfoot was admitted to probate, which gave the Trustees the sum of five hundred dollars, "the interest of which is to be applied annually to the support of the gospel in the Congregational Society in the town of Pittsfield," but this bequest was not to be paid until the death of his wife, which occurred in 1863.

In 1855 the Trustees sold to the Center School District, and others, a small portion of the northwest part of the parsonage lot, for which they received \$300.

The monies received by the Trustees, as stated, amount to twenty-four hundred and seventy-seven dollars.

In 1843 the Trustees paid to the First Congregational Parish the entire fund in their hands, viz., the sum of \$1,676.94, and received therefor an absolute deed of the parsonage lot on South Street, and in 1859 made a further payment of \$300, to be expended in improvements and additions to the parsonage.

The use of the parsonage house and lot is furnished to the Parish, as the interest of that sum, and the remaining sum, five hundred dollars, is invested in a United States bond, and the income thereof annually paid to the Treasurer of the Parish.

The first parsonage was erected by the Rev. Thomas Allen, at the corner of East and First Streets, shortly after he was settled as the pastor of the Church. It was a two-story well built frame house, and was of the better class of houses built previous to the year 1800.

It was not until 1840 that the Parish became the owner of a parsonage. In that year it bought of Deacon Josiah Bissell the present parsonage lot. The house upon this lot was burned in 1842, and the present parsonage was built by Abraham Burbank, and has from time to time been added to and made to conform to the modern ideas of a comfortable home.

A FEW FACTS
CONCERNING THE BUILDING OF THE
FIRST CHURCH IN PITTSFIELD IN 1851-2-3.

BY JOHN C. WEST.

The story of a Church building is not only of interest to the generation whose work it is, but comes to have a deeper and more evident significance to those who follow and become its inheritors. It also becomes to them an expression of the character and a memorial of the builders themselves.

As it is desirable that these stories should be told as truthfully as possible, and as far as may be in the spirit of the times to which they belong, I have made a simple record of a few facts connected with the building of the Church in which we now worship. I am moved to do this in compliance with a request, and because I believe I am the only surviving member of the building committee, except Gordan McKay.

From the first I gave myself most heartily to work for it, and my personal connection with it must be my excuse for speaking in the first person.

A generation has passed since that time, but there are many who will recall that memorable Sunday morning in January, thirty-eight years ago, when from the fire-blackened and defaced old Church we went to Burbank hall for our accustomed service.

Doctor Todd was with us, and showed himself equal to the occasion, as he afterwards proved a leader able to hold his flock together though left shelterless.

A lady of this Church (then twelve years of age) of excellent memory, has sent me the text from which he preached that

Sunday morning,—an eloquent tax,—followed by an eloquent sermon: “Isaiah 64: 11. Our holy and our beautiful house where our Fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste.”

There had been for some time a feeling that the old structure must soon give place to a new and more modern one, but the fire brought the question before the people for immediate decision. On Monday morning, the next day after the fire, there was a gathering of a few prominent men and a Parish meeting was called to consider the situation. At this meeting there was a free and full discussion. A few still clung to the old church and advocated its reconstruction, but in a shorter time than could be expected they came to be of one mind, and the result was an almost unanimous vote to build a new church. Committees were chosen for looking up plans, collecting money, &c., and the work was at once taken up, not only with cheerfulness but with genuine enthusiasm.

The fact was accepted that the burden of the tax and the work belonged to the Parish. They did not shrink from it or ask help of others, nor were they willing to incur a debt for their children to struggle with, after they had gone.

One of the decided votes of this Parish meeting was that the funds for building should be obtained by voluntary subscription, and no debt should be incurred. The men who took the lead in this matter have almost all passed from among the living, but their names deserve to be recorded as worthy of all imitation. Another vote at this meeting was that the Church should be built of stone, and have a seating capacity for eight hundred (800) exclusive of the galleries.

The building committee consisted of Thomas F. Plunkett, Julius Rockwell, E. H. Kellogg, Levi Goodrich, Gordon McKay, and myself. The first three gentlemen were out of town, and Mr. Goodrich became a competing contractor, so that most of the preliminary work devolved upon Mr. McKay and myself. While the work of looking up and considering plans was going on, the money was to be obtained.

This part of the work I remember very distinctly, being on the finance committee, of which Geo. W. Campbell was chair-

man. There was also added to my duties the collecting and paying the money.

In raising the funds we adopted what we called *dooming*, that is, a kind of voluntary assessment based in part upon a man's supposed resources, and in part upon his interest in the object and his sense of duty. These assessments were uniformly and cheerfully accepted. The result was that with what was in the treasury from insurance and other sources, we had about twenty thousand (\$20,000) dollars at our command.

After much looking, a church in New London, Conn., was selected as our model, although, if carried out in detail, would far exceed our means. The architect of this church was Mr. Eidleitz, a well known artist of New York. He was consulted and made a new design in which he omitted one *tower* and *spire*, thus lessening the cost very materially. In the interior we were unwilling to make any change. The revised plan was now submitted to the full committee, who had returned, and was approved by them and the Parish. But now a new difficulty arose. The estimates of the builders was twenty-two hundred and fifty (\$2,250) dollars in excess of our funds, what was to be done? We had cut down the external expenses of the building as far as we could, the interior we could not spoil by making any changes. It was hard to go again to those who had already given so liberally, but there was nothing else to do, for we could not have a debt.

The way in which these men responded to my call the next morning for the twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, I can never forget. Deacon Allen, as soon as the case was presented to him, with his usual prompt and decided manner, replied, "I will do it, *Yes sir*, I will do it; and I will also put my name upon a guarantee paper to make up any reasonable deficiency." Others responded in like manner, so that within less than twenty-four hours I had the twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars. That evening I called the committee together and we closed the contract with Levi Goodrich and John C. Hoadly.

Some of these men are so identified with the building of this Church, that a record of it would be incomplete without their names. P. Allen & Son, Jason Clapp & Son, Thomas

F. Plunkett, Julius Rockwell, E. H. Kellogg, E. R. Colt & Sons, Geo. W. Campbell, J. & E. Peck, L. Pomeroy's Sons, J. V. Barker & Bro., Wm. B. Cooley, Henry Colt, George and David Campbell, Gordan McKay, and many others.

The parish can see to-day what it has obtained at a cost of less than twenty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of furniture. This includes the organ, which was put in when the Church was built, and since removed to give place to the fine one, now in use, presented by Geo. W. Campbell and his sister, Mrs. Betsey Clapp.

The stone used in the main building was from the Pittsfield quarries, while the front corner stone, windows and door jams, was from the Great Barrington quarries.

The Church was finished and dedicated July, 1853, it being one of the model churches of the present day in this country.

CHARITIES AND CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BY GEORGE N. DUTTON.

The earliest organized method of giving of which mention is made in connection with this church, was the formation in 1798 of the "Berkshire and Columbia Missionary Society," for the purpose of sending the gospel to new and destitute settlements.

From a history of Berkshire, edited by Dr. Field, and published in 1829, we learn that up to that period, this church had contributed to said society the sum of \$443.20, in addition to a legacy of \$100, given by Woodbridge Little, Esq., and one of \$300 from Ashbel Strong.

The amount contributed by this church from 1829 to 1850, was \$2,880.78. The operations of this Society were confined principally to destitute places in the State of New York.

The church has always been generous in its annual donations to the American Bible Society. It is impossible to ascertain what proportion of the annual donations of Pittsfield to this Society came from members of this church and parish, but probably more than one-half. In 1828 Pittsfield contributed to this cause \$143.18; in 1829, \$205.66. The annual contributions in later years has often reached as high as \$500.

From the date of its formation in 1818, up to 1829, the county "Education Society," for aiding indigent pious young men in their education preparatory to the ministry, received from Pittsfield the sum of \$585.40. About this period—1825—renewed interest was manifested in foreign missions. The "Berkshire Missionary Society" was formed, and the contributions of this church, through that organization, aggregated between eleven and twelve hundred dollars the first five years.

We learn from the Church Records, Nov. 24, 1819, that the "American Educational Society" requested an annual contribution of \$100. A committee was appointed to take the matter under advisement, and reported at a subsequent meeting that they approved of the proposition, but did not see how it could be done when they considered the small number of male members belonging to the church, nearly a fourth part of them in straightened circumstances, and already burdened by the calls which are upon the church for aiding in the various efforts that are making for evangelizing the world. The committee did, however, recommend that a collection be taken in the months of March and November, and thought that in this way the sum of \$60 might be raised. The committee closed their report in the following words: "And now, brethren, we commend you to God and the word of His grace; beseeching Him to show us all that we ought to support and aid the weak, and to teach us to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'it is more blessed to give than receive.' "

From the interest manifested in these various benevolent organizations which were springing up during the first quarter of the present century, it is evident that this church was not unmindful of its mission.

The church records contain frequent allusions showing its tender watch and care over its indigent poor. At one time nearly one-fourth of the male members were in straightened circumstances. A vote was passed Nov. 26, 1819, authorizing the Deacons to draw on the treasurer for the relief and comfort of the indigent members of the church. There are no means of ascertaining the amounts yearly contributed for this purpose, but during the past thirty or forty years they have averaged about \$300. In this connection it may be of interest to know the names of those who have held the office of treasurer since 1818. The following is a correct list: John C. Williams, Henry C. Brown, Phinehas Allen, Samuel Allen, Charles D. Mills, Zeno Russell, Charles Atwater and F. W. Dutton.

The dissensions occasioned by the differences in the political views of its members, during the latter years of the last and the earlier years of the present century, undoubtedly greatly

retarded christian efforts, and caused a serious falling off in the charities of this, as well as other churches. Divisive measures crept into the church, which so agitated and divided its members, that all worthy objects were apparently lost sight of for a time. Harmony finally prevailed again, and the work of the Redeemer's Kingdom was carried on with renewed zeal.

It was not until after the organization of the great Missionary societies that the church entered upon systematic giving, although calls for various charitable efforts were not unknown before that period.

The American Board and the American Home Missionary Society have in about equal proportions been the recipients of our largest benefactions. It will be somewhat surprising to many to learn that it was not until about 1850 that regular contributions were made to the last named society. From the date of its organization, however, individual members contributed generously, about \$2,000 having been thus given prior to 1850. During this period frequent contributions were made to the Berkshire and Columbia Missionary Society, of which mention has been made, aiding in this way the cause of Home Missions. During the period between 1850 and 1874, our total contributions to the American Home Missionary Society amounted to \$5,123, and during the same time a much larger sum was contributed to the American Board.

In addition to our "Seven Societies," this church contributed annually to the American Seamen's Friend Society, the American Tract Society, the Bible Society, the McCall Mission, and our local institutions, the House of Mercy and the Union for Home Work, besides responding generously to many miscellaneous calls. Special disasters, like the Chicago and Boston fires, yellow fever epidemics, &c., have always appealed to the deepest and most generous sympathies of the church.

Dr. Todd says in his historical sermon, preached February, 1873, that the total charities during his pastorate of over thirty years, were not less than \$200,000. From 1874 to the present time, a period of fifteen years, the total charities have been \$89,029.17, an average of about \$6.360 a year.

The present agencies for carrying forward the benevolence of the church are numerous. Among the oldest and most effective, are the Ladies' "Free-will Society" and the Ladies' "Benevolent Society," both of which were organized during the earlier years of Dr. Humphrey's pastorate. It is an interesting fact, and one worth relating, that the Free-will Society was the outcome of a ladies' prayer-meeting, organized in 1815, under the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Allen, by Mrs. Lemuel Pomeroy, Mrs. Thomas Strong, Mrs. Timothy Childs, Mrs. Thomas Gold, Mrs. Simeon Learned, Miss Harriet Danforth and Mrs. C. T. Fenn. During the following four or five years, the number had largely increased, and the proposition was made—probably the outgrowth of much faithful prayer on the part of these saintly women—that something should be done for the benefit of others. This resulted in the organization of the Free-will Society, August —, 1819. This Society held its meetings for the first three months in the old lecture-room, which stood on the present site of the South Church, and afterwards at the houses of its members. The first work done was for students in Williams College, who were intending to enter the ministry. It is an interesting reminiscence, that one of the oldest living members of this church was at that time a student at Williams, and remembers distinctly the arrival of the first donation.

From a report made at the annual meeting of the church in 1873, we learn that the total amount contributed by the Free-will Society, from the date of its organization in 1820 to 1873, was \$8,664. The actual amount was probably much larger, as no record covering several years of its earlier history can be found. The amount contributed from 1873 to 1888 inclusive—a period of fifteen years—was \$9,079.95, making the grand total as shown by the records of the Society, \$17,943.95.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society has also worked largely in the cause of Home missions, and has not fallen behind its sister organization, in helping to bear the burden of those who labor so faithfully in our frontier settlements. From an old record-book of this Society, beginning with the date of its organization in 1818, and extending through a period of over thirty years, we learn that the total donations during that time amounted to

\$3,596. For several years subsequent to 1850, no record was kept, but the books show, notwithstanding these omissions, that from 1850 up to the present time, \$6,416.06 has been contributed, which, together with the amount previously stated, show a total of \$10,012.06.

Other societies within the church, of more recent date, are the "Hache-no-so Society," "Coral Workers," "Memorial Society," and the "Young Men's Working League," all occupying fields of usefulness in their several spheres of action.

What more can be said? That this Church of Christ has a "name to live" by reason of its efforts toward the building up of the Redeemer's Kingdom in the world, is apparent. Its light, we trust, has not grown dim, nor the luster of its ancient history departed; the golden candlestick has not been removed out of its place. May the Lord of all grace grant that we may profit by the faithfulness of our fathers, and be warned by their errors.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY W. G. HARDING.

Although all early records are lost, there is little doubt as to the date of the organization of the Sunday School of the First Church in Pittsfield. Previous to 1880 it was not controlled directly by the church, but by a separate organization known as "The Pittsfield Sabbath School Association." Most of the records of this organization are lost. *The Pittsfield Sun* of November 15, 1820, however, seems to fix the date, as it contains an article evidently written by the Pastor, Rev. Heman Humphrey, which throws back the organization four years, to 1816, the year before Mr. Humphrey's settlement. The first Superintendent was Dr. James Warren. After alluding to this new institution, which was being introduced throughout the land, the *Sun* says, "This is the fourth season of the Sabbath School in this town, and in view of the exertions which have been made and the great success which has attended them, all who wish well to the rising generation, who seek the welfare of society, or who pray for the prosperity of Zion, have abundant cause to thank God and take courage. It is a pleasant part of our duty to give a short abstract of the doings of the school. The whole number of verses of the Bible committed to memory is 33,259, verses of hymns 8,628, and of answers in catechism 12,720, making together 56,700, which, supposing the number of scholars to be 170, gives an average to each of 329. The greatest number committed by any one of the pupils is 6,317; next greatest, 2,683.

Our honored townsman, Deacon James H. Dunham, was Superintendent of the school for fourteen years, from 1836 to

1850, the longest term of service of any one Superintendent, and to him I am indebted for most of the reminiscences here presented. James Dunham came here in 1819, aged 15 years, and immediately joined the school. As reported in the article in the *Sun*, he says the instruction consisted chiefly in memorizing the Scriptures. A prize was offered to the pupil who could recite the most Scripture, and a ticket was given each Sunday to the scholar who was the victor. James went into the class taught by Miss Betsey Campbell, and astonished the rest of the boys by reeling off forty-seven verses the first Sunday. They said it was not fair, as he was older than the rest, and so he was turned over to Miss Olive Pomeroy; but he was too much for Miss Pomeroy's boys, and was sent into Miss Mary Childs' class, which had two of the minister's boys in it, who were supposed to be a match for him. These were Edward and James Humphrey; but, alas, the first Sunday James Dunham captured the prize, upon which Edward burst out crying, and Mary Childs, who was young and giddy and could not let justice master her sympathy, appealed to James to give up the ticket to Edward. He did it, but left the school and never entered its doors again till 1828, nine years later, when Edward A. Newton was Superintendent. In the meantime, Calvin Martin succeeded Dr. Warren. For how long a time is not known, but there is a record of Mr. Newton's taking the superintendency in 1828. He was a man of very independent spirit, and the new minister, Mr. Tappan, thought the Sunday School was too independent of the church, and on wishing to reform matters in this respect, came in conflict with the Superintendent. Mr. Newton insisted on the independence of the Sunday School, and resented what he thought was an interference upon the part of the minister. The matter was referred to a vote of the teachers, who sustained Mr. Tappan. This offended Mr. Newton, who resigned the superintendency, and commenced active measures for the formation of St. Stephen's Church.

The first Sunday School occupied the upper room in the Town hall, which stood on the present site of St. Stephen's Church, and is now the house of Mr. Wm. G. Harding on East Street, having been moved there in 1832, when St. Stephen's

Church was built. When the Federal lecture room was built on South Street, the School held its sessions there. In May, 1823, following the revival of Nettleton, a bible-class of over one hundred members was established. The roll of these members is preserved, and includes the most prominent people of the town. The fourth Superintendent was Mr. John Dillingham, who was said to be a very wide-awake man. In 1830, finding that the usual fourth of July celebration was not to be held in the church, he determined to have a Sunday School celebration there. This aroused the patriot democracy, who, under the leadership of one Yale Clark, declared that it would be a disgraceful shame to desecrate the sacred day in this manner, and demanded the church for an opposition celebration. Great excitement ensued, and the matter was finally compromised by letting the Sunday School have the church until 12 o'clock, noon. The Baptists and Methodists united in this celebration. A procession of the School was formed in front of the lecture-room on South Street, marched to the Baptist and Methodist churches, where their schools swelled the procession, and it entered the church seven hundred strong. The chief feature of the exercises, was the singing of the infant class under the lead of their teacher, Miss Nancy Ingersoll. They were seated on a raised platform built for the occasion. So impressive was their performance, with right hands uplifted, of the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest," that strong men wept, and Yale Clark himself, who had pressed in by the door, could not control his tears. After the church exercises the Sunday School teachers and scholars had a pic-nic dinner in the park, and Yale Clark's patriots for an hour fired their cannon in front of the Berkshire Hotel.

Mr. Dillingham was followed by Mr. Thomas Mosely, who is described as a fine example of a christian gentleman, with a great deal of personal magnetism. He was succeeded by Major Henry C. Brown, the high Sheriff, a very dignified and modest man. He is described as wearing two pairs of spectacles, and the glance of his eye was a terror to the boys. He rarely spoke to a boy, but his eye was sufficient to subdue the most unruly.

We have now come down to 1836, when Deacon James H. Dunham took charge of the school, and continued Superintendent for fourteen years till 1850, when he assumed the same office in the Sunday School of the new South Street Church, where he served several years. He is with us to-day, and needs no words of mine to describe his eminent Christian life and character. He was followed in 1851 by one whom many of us remember with deep affection,—Deacon Henry G. Davis. After three years service he was succeeded by Gaius C. Burnap, who had charge of the school from 1853 to 1855, when Deacon Davis again was chosen Superintendent, and held the position for two years, till 1857. Rev. Samuel Allen filled the office for one year, and was succeeded by Robert W. Adam, who was Superintendent for two years, till 1860, when Deacon Henry Chickering held the office for five years, till 1865. He was a faithful and earnest Superintendent, as many of us well remember. He was succeeded by Deacon George N. Dutton, who continued in charge for three years till 1868, when Moses H. Wood held the office for two years, till 1870. Jabez L. Peck was Superintendent for three years, till 1873, when Mr. Wood again took the office for three years, and was succeeded by W. G. Harding, who served three years, and was succeeded in 1879 by Henry W. Dwight for one year. George N. Dutton then served a second term of one year, and was followed by Jabez L. Peck for another term of two years. He was succeeded in 1883 by Frederick T. West, who continued in service for three years, when Henry A. Brewster, the assistant Superintendent, acted for one year as Superintendent.

This brings us down to our present Superintendent, Mr. Edward T. Slocum, who, commencing January 1st, 1887, is now serving his third year. Under his management the school has continually grown in numbers, and is now probably larger than ever before. There has just been introduced a system of gradation into Primary, Intermediate and Senior departments, which bids fair to be a very successful innovation. With this year the new and excellent catechism under the joint authorship of Mrs. Anna Todd Paddock and Mrs. Harriet Palmer Slocum, has been introduced. This reminds us of the first year of the

school of which we have any record, when 12,720 answers in the catechism were recited, and the teachers of to-day will have to look well to their laurels if their pupils surpass this. We are inclined to doubt if the year 1889 will equal 1820 as a catechism year.

Time will not allow the mention of a multitude of faithful teachers, secretaries and librarians who have served this school, but there are three librarians whose services were so long and so faithfully rendered, that a special vote of thanks were rendered them upon their retirement in 1877. Mr. Gilbert West, Mr. John R. Warriner, and Mr. William R. Plunkett. Among the first teachers of the school we find Mrs. Susanna Crofoot and Miss Brattle, afterwards Mrs. Burbank, of Hartford. Mrs. Crofoot united with the church in 1792, was a professing christian seventy-one years, took a deep interest in the Sunday School, and used to hold at her home a Saturday afternoon class for the ignorant and poor. Miss Brattle, in her devotion to her class, used often to walk to Sunday School, two and a half miles from her home in the east part.

PAPER BY CHARLES E. WEST, LL. D.,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

With this church is associated my earliest knowledge of religious worship. It was here I became familiar with the names of Allen, Humphrey, Bailey, Tappan, Youmans, Brinsmade, Todd, Bartlett, and Jenkins.

All these clergymen I have heard preach except the elder Allen, the first pastor, who died February 11, 1810. He was one of the master spirits of the American Revolution. He was a fearless and uncompromising rebel against British tyranny. He hated England, her aristocracy, her church polity, and her spirit of domination,—her brag and bluster about the divine right of kings. He took an active part in the work. He thundered from his pulpit. His church became the arena for the discussion of the great principles of constitutional liberty. He not only preached rebellion, he took up arms and went to the war. He was called the "fighting parson." Twice he went out as a volunteer chaplain, first at White Plains, and afterward at Ticonderoga. For his brave patriotic conduct at the battle of Bennington, he won the admiration of his contemporaries. As trophies he took home two large square crystal bottles of wine, which he took from the saddle of a Hessian surgeon's horse. He was absent but three days, returning on Saturday and preaching to his people on Tuesday.

There was another side to his character. He was gentle and sympathetic. He could weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced. He was eminently social. On funeral occasions no one surpassed him in tenderness of appeal and outpouring sympathy for the afflicted. As striking examples, I would cite his published sermons on the death of his daughter, Elizabeth White, in 1798, and of his son, Thomas Allen, Jr., in 1806.

Parson Allen's last days were clouded and unhappy. A cruel division of the parish resulted in the organization of another church, which impoverished the people; but after a few years of strife they were reunited, and Dr. Heman Humphrey was called to be their pastor. By his wisdom their animosities were allayed, and they became one in sympathy and action. The memory of Dr. Humphrey is precious.

There were many notable characters in the church and congregation. I have not time to name them. But I cannot pass a most remarkable man, who made a lasting impression upon my youthful imagination,—if not upon my back. He carried a birch switch, and kept order among the boys in the gallery. He had a sly way of gliding from place to place, and, when least expected by those who were not listening to the voice of the preacher, that switch of the Deacon's would come close upon the shoulders of the offending boy with a whack that was not very musical to inischief-makers. There was not a boy in Pittsfield that did not know and fear Deacon Charles Goodrich.

One of the most venerated members of the congregation was Hon. Joshua Danforth, who died January 30, 1837, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary war. His first active service was at Roxbury, Mass., in June, 1775. In March of the next year he went with the army under Washington into Boston, after the British had left that town. It was there, in July, he heard the Declaration of Independence read to the army for the first time. He was at the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777. He went with his brigade to New Jersey and Valley Forge, some twenty miles from Philadelphia, and spent the winter there. He was in the battle of Monmouth in 1778, and in 1780 spent most of the year at West Point. The next year he had command of a post near Tappan's Bay, and was engaged in several skirmishes with the enemy. After the disbanding of the army in 1783, he remained in the service as paymaster, and was discharged the following year, taking up his residence in Pittsfield. In 1787 he was aid-de-camp to Major General Patterson, and a Justice of the Peace, receiving his commission from John Hancock.

Col. Danforth was the first Postmaster of Pittsfield, appointed in 1794. He held successively the offices of Town Clerk, Treasurer, Selectman, and Assessor. In 1787 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Berkshire County Court of Sessions, and in 1808 Chief Justice of the Court. He was also appointed by Mr. Madison United States Marshal, and principal Assessor and Collector of the revenue for this 18th district in Massachusetts. In 1827-8 he was a member of the Governor's Council.

Of the Pittsfield pastors, I was best acquainted with Drs. Tappan and Todd. During my residence in New York I saw much of Dr. Tappan. He was one of the most profound thinkers and writers of his generation. At one time the press teemed with publications from his pen. Among these are a "Review of Edwards," "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will," "The Doctrine of the Will applied to Moral Agency and Responsibility," (1841) "Elements of Logic," (1844), and a "Treatise on University Education," (1857).

He virtually planned the course of study in the University of Michigan, and was practically its first Chancellor. I think it the most perfect of all the State systems of public instruction. The Common Schools, the Academies, and the University, are under one Board of Regents, which is not true of one of the New England systems of Education. He entered upon his duties as Chancellor in 1850, and resigned in 1863, and took up his residence in Europe for the remainder of his life.

Dr. Tappan was born in Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, April 23, 1805, graduated from Union College in 1825, pursued his theological studies at Auburn, graduating at the end of two years, and in 1827 became assistant to Rev. Dr. Van Vechten of Schenectady, and the next year was settled as the pastor of the church in Pittsfield.

In 1854, Dr. Tappan received the degree of LL. D. from Columbia College. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. In 1850 he was elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Institute of France.

The last letter I received from him was dated Basle, February 17, 1879. He died at Vesey, Switzerland, Nov. 15, 1881.

Of Dr. Todd, who was so recently identified with all the public interests of this town, I hardly need speak. His fame went out into all the world. He was known and read of all men. His prayers were a benediction. To his memory how familiar were the Songs of David. The old poet's harp fell to him as an inheritance. And then, how true and sincere were his friendships. What a tower of strength is such a character ! How exalted and divine is such a life !

Of the eleven pastors of the church, five became college presidents, William Allen, and Drs. Humphrey, Bailey, Tappan and Youmans : a great honor ; I know of no similar example.

The longest pastorate was Thomas Allen's, 48 years ; the shortest, John W. Youmans, two years. Dr. Todd's was thirty.

The early days of the century were very primitive. In winter we suffered for want of fire in church. The elderly women had their foot-stoves ; the others sat and shivered, the snow not even melting off their shoes during service. The main supply of heat was furnished by Calvinism, and that was abundant.

There was no organ or flute. Thomas Hastings, a funny-looking man with white hair and pink eyes, came and gave singing lessons. At the close he gave a concert.

The west part of the town was occupied by the Baptists and Methodists. My father's family, I believe, was the only exception. The next toward the village was Stephen Fowler's, who was a blunt old man of very few words. He would have his own way. His favorite expressions were, "I will, I will ; I won't, I won't." He lived in the red house on Fowler's hill. Next was Col. Janes, then Joseph Merricks, the Merriman's, and on Childs' hill Dr. Timothy Childs, whose farming was done by his patients. Father and I paid our doctor's bill by cutting his wheat. This was done with a sickle. All the farmers turned out to help, or it would have taken all summer.

Smith's exhaustive history of Pittsfield leaves little for the gleaner ; a few straws now and then.

Originally the town was the church and the church the town. Municipal and ecclesiastical elements had a wonderfully elastic way of blending. Every man in the town had to pay a tax

for the support of the Gospel, Agnostics and Buddhists as well as Puritans. It was this very thing, the union of Church and State, the Puritans had left England to get rid of; and yet it was the basis of every New England settlement.

I desire to call attention to a letter which has been in my possession for more than fifty years. It is from the pen of Col. Samuel Larned to his son Sylvester, who was probably one of the most brilliant pulpit orators this country has produced. For the benefit of those who may not have heard of him, I will briefly state, that Sylvester Larned was born in Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 31, 1796, entered Williams College in his fourteenth year, and the next year was transferred to Middlebury College, and graduated in 1813, delivering an oration on "The Fall of Poland." He joined the Seminary at Andover, continuing there but a few months, and then returned to Pittsfield, and engaged in teaching. In November, 1814, he went to Princeton, and pursued his studies. On the 17th of April, 1817, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York, and in July following he was ordained to the work of the Ministry. In 1817, Rev. Elias Cornelius induced Mr. Larned to go to New Orleans and prosecute his ministerial labors there. He reached that city in January, 1818, where he remained until the beginning of April, when he set out to return north, reaching Pittsfield about the middle of June. It was during this last visit to his native town, that he was invited by the military authorities to offer prayer in behalf of the assembled troops—for it was the annual general training—and the place of meeting for drill was the cantonment, on North street, belonging to the United States government. The troops formed a hollow square. An officer with a band of music was detailed to conduct Mr. Larned into the center of the square, and there, in the presence of that military assembly, he offered prayer to Almighty God for the perpetuity of our civil and religious institutions. I was present, a child of but nine years of age, and saw and heard the wonderful orator. My father had known him from early childhood, and took pleasure on this occasion in introducing his little son to him.

On the 31st of August, 1820, the day which completed his



THE SECOND EDIFICE (WITH PORCH AND TOWER) BUILT IN 1793.

twenty-fourth year, he fell a victim to the yellow fever. An interesting memoir of this remarkable man, by Rev. R. R. Gurley, was published in 1814.

His townsman and contemporary, Rev. J. N. Danforth, writes, "Larned grew up a healthy boy. At thirteen years of age he delivered an oration in the town hall at Pittsfield, on the Fourth of July, which drew forth the plaudits of wise and thoughtful hearts." At the age of eighteen, while he was teaching school to eke out his scanty funds, his townsmen, proud of his genius, summoned him to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July. An immense assembly filled the large church at Pittsfield. If an orator was ever to be embarrassed, that was the time and place for such a stripling as he—surrounded by those who knew him in his childhood. But he rose to the full height of the occasion, developing that unflinching confidence in his own powers, which never forsook him. Peel after peel of thundering eloquence seemed to shake the walls of the old church, while the fascinated, astonished audience, wild with excitement, greeted him with equal and answering measures of applause. He scattered no gaudy flowers of rhetoric, but maintained a high and noble strain of vigorous thought and patriotic sentiment. I cannot say how much the faultless symmetry of his person, the extraordinary music of his voice, and the energy of his action contributed to the effect of the sentiment, but there was a fine proportion in them all.

I would say that the letter referred to was given with other family letters and some furniture to my mother on the death of old Mrs. Larned, in whose family my mother lived in the early part of the century. The following is a copy of Col. Larned's letter :

CANTONMENT, GREENBUSH, 22 Sept., 1813.

DEAR SYLVESTER :—

I received your line by Mr. Kirby, and find you seem to have made your election to pursue the study of Divinity ; and it would seem there is a better kind of Divinity in the Jerseys than in Massachusetts. I am really unable to contradict an opinion of that kind, but had never any idea of it before, unless it should be valued like any other article by the expense it costs to obtain it. I have informed you, and now repeat it, I should never undertake to control you in the choice of a profession ; but think I said as much as this, that either Law or Divinity, with a bare passable reputation, would probably afford you

a very limited subsistence. The former places you upon fair grounds as a candidate for political life ; the latter, leaves you no alternative without a renunciation of your profession, and risk of hard sufferings to your prejudice. It will be well, as you are young and your mind still tender, thoroughly to examine all the consequences you may probably encounter through life. I have ever been in the habit of viewing the clergy and the religion they profess. The conduct of the greater part of the clergy in the County of Berkshire (whom I had been in the habit of considering as pure as any other) occasions a very great doubt as to their purity. I cannot be too sure, but when I see them overturning the church of Christ, without a single text in the Bible to support them, I cannot—I think I ought not—look to them as guides to Heaven. The law as practised at this day is degenerated into a mean, contemptible, swindling employment, by those especially who are mere collectors or fomenters of little unnecessary suits, which comprehends a large proportion who are christened lawyers in the County, and even the State. You mention in your letter a wish to see me. I should be very happy to see you, but dare not make any appointment until some troops, say 1,500 or 2,000, which I daily and hourly expect, shall have passed this Cantonment on their way to the lines ; when I shall cheerfully see you at almost any place ; perhaps you might ride out here if you have a horse at leisure. I will pay your expenses. I shall only observe that your happiness is my object, and the greatest satisfaction this life can afford me is to see my children both comfortable in their circumstances and respectable in society.

My love to all.

Your affectionate father,

S. LARNED.

The letter speaks for itself. Col. Larned did not care to interfere with his son in the choice of a profession. He had witnessed the convulsion which had split into party divisions the Pittsfield church, where he and his family worshipped. It was a time of great controversial excitement in the discussion of religious dogmas. Calvinists and Armenians met face to face, and engaged in bitter warfare. There was no middle ground for the churches to occupy. Jonathan Edwards had been driven out of Northampton, had taken a mission church among the Indians at Stockbridge, had written his treatise on the Human Will. Stephen West succeeded Edwards, and wrote his Essay on Moral Agency. John Francis, Valentine Rathbone, Elder Leland, and the Baptists, were gaining proselytes. Lorenzo Dow and the Methodists were struggling with the Baptists. The Congregationalists, old line and new, were pulling each other's ears. It is no wonder Col. Larned took a gloomy view of matters. Dr. Humphrey had not as yet come

to heal divisions. The great revival under the preaching of Dr. Nettleton had not occurred. The political world was in a great ferment. Out of the frenzy and bitterness of party strife, had grown the Federalist and Hartford Conventions. If anything was up, Parson Allen could not be still. He became a partisan of Jefferson and Democracy. His church was in a blaze of excitement, and split into two factions, Democrats and Federalists. It was not strange that men of calm and thoughtful natures, like Col. Larned, should take exception to the inflammable zeal of the clergy in politics.

In closing this superficial review of one of the grandest of the New England churches, let us rejoice that it has been our privilege to enter its sacred inclosure and listen to the oracles of Heavenly wisdom; that here many whom we have known and loved have been trained for the higher life; that here God has manifested His saving power and magnified His name; and that here, more than anywhere else, has He endeared Himself to this people.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS YEOMANS.

The following, concerning the sixth minister of the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield, is from a paper prepared by his son, Rev. Alfred Yeomans, Pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Orange, New Jersey. Mr. Yeomans died soon after preparing the paper.

John Williams Yeomans was born in Hinsdale, Berkshire County, Mass., January, 1800. He was in boyhood apprenticed to a blacksmith of that place. But having a strong desire for an education, before the term of his apprenticeship had expired he purchased from his master the balance of his time, and devoted himself to study. In a year and a half spent in Albany, supporting himself meanwhile by teaching, he was prepared for and entered the Junior class in Williams College, where he graduated in 1824, with the second honor of his class,

Mark Hopkins taking the first. He finished his professional studies at Andover in 1827. The same year he organized the First Congregational Church in North Adams, and collected the money for the first church edifice. While in North Adams he was married to Lætitia Snyder of Albany. Two sons were born in North Adams, where he remained three years.

In 1831 he was called to Pittsfield, where he remained a little more than two years. His third son, George, was born here.

In June, 1834, he became Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New Jersey, and continued through life a Presbyterian *con amore*.

His pastorate of seven years in Trenton was most successful. Two daughters were born while residing there.

In 1841, accepting the presidency of Lafayette College, he removed to Easton, Pennsylvania.

In 1842, Princeton College, Williams College, and Marvin University, Ohio, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1845, he left Lafayette College and became Pastor of the Wahoming Church in Danville, Penn., where he spent the remainder of his days, about nineteen years in all. He died June 22, 1863, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Besides filling various public positions, Mr. Yeomans was conspicuous in the councils of the Presbyterian Church, and a well known and prolific author. His work indicates varied and generous ability.

PARSON ALLEN'S SHORTHAND.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

Rev. Thomas Allen, first pastor of this church, was ordained April 18, 1764. Two days before that, on the 16th of April, he preached here a sermon from the text, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." It was a vigorous sermon, full of Pauline theology, and evidenced Mr. Allen's strong and decided mind: but that which just now interests us most in this sermon, preached two days before his ordination, is the fact that it is written in a peculiar combination of shorthand and cipher, and until a few days ago, had remained unread and unreadable for one hundred and twenty-five years. Nearly all, if not all, of Mr. Allen's manuscripts are in this same stenography, and the key to the translation of this sermon, which it has just been my good fortune to discover, fits them all.

Little of local interest in the way of historical or biographical record has been found in the three or four papers which have thus far been examined, and it is of course only a matter of conjecture whether anything other than an elaboration of last century's theology will be found hereafter; yet the facts that Mr. Allen wrote his sermons in a rapid, practical shorthand, and that there is revealed in the few already read a terse, masculine energy of thought, power of conviction, and, withal, tenderness of heart, have seemed to warrant a few words at this time regarding the style of stenography employed by him, and a very brief account of the method by which it has been partially deciphered.

The sermon upon which our work was begun, was this one in my hand, preached, according to a note in the corner, March 4, 1804, on the death of Mr. Simeon Crowfoot. The hope of

finding in it some personal recollections of Mr. Crowfoot, induced us to attempt the translation. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) is a fac-simile of the opening lines of his funeral sermon.

Pittsfield March 4. 1804 No
Mr. Lincoln Crowfoot aged 80
111719th - L. 17, 19th - V. 1117th

Fig. 1.

There is nothing in it from beginning to end which has a less puzzling or more practicable appearance; indeed these lines are the most favorable of all for study, because, as the writer progressed with his discourse, and as his mind grew exalted and his heart grew warm, his hand increased its swiftness, and his hieroglyphics redoubled their intricacy. It at once seemed probable that within these lines was concealed a text; and a text, moreover, adapted for a funeral sermon. But a careful inspection of the cipher served rather to prove its excellence than to comfort its would-be translator. Is it "1," the first book, Genesis; "11," the eleventh chapter; "7," the seventh verse; and then, "19," the 19th chapter, and "2," the second verse? We leap at the chance, and open our Bible to see whether those verses are appropriate for a funeral discourse. The former reads "Come ye, therefore, let us go down, and there confound their tongue, that they may not understand one another's speech." This hits the case to a nicety,—but not in the way we had hoped! But perhaps the fourth character is not a "7," but a "y," standing in the cipher for some word; perhaps also the last character is not a "2," although it looks so much like one. On this hypothesis we read "The 111th something, and the 19th something else." What can this be but the 111th Psalm, and the 19th verse? Surely no other book than the Psalms has 111 subdivisions. With something akin to ex-

ultation we turn to the 111th Psalm,—and discover that it contains only ten verses.

Baffled for the moment, we lay aside this sermon and take up another, the one first referred to, written forty years earlier. Perhaps Mr. Allen may not have been so fluent with his quaint stenography then: possibly he made his strokes more slowly, and more distinctly. Such is the case. Not only is this earlier sermon much more carefully executed, but here and there is a word in ordinary script. *He was learning the cipher.* The words, however, help us little, and suggest no text in which they may occur, “Judaizing,” “allow,” “covet,” “boast,” “consonant,” “separate,” “union.” A glance at the concordance shows that either they are not in the Bible at all, or are there so often as to render search useless. But here at the beginning is a line set off, evidently a text, a short text of about sixteen words, and the sign for the next to the last word identical with the fourth preceding it. Moreover, at the left of the brace, among the figures, are the same two characters which we before thought might stand for “Psalms” and “verse.” Why not “chapter” and “verse”? If so, a third chapter, and a twenty-eighth verse.

A patient examination of the third chapter of each book in the Bible showed that only some half dozen of them contained twenty-eight verses; and the only one which seemed at all to correspond in length, and in the recurrence of the same word near the end, was Romans 3: 28, “Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.” The event proved that this was correct; and it was of some advantage to know it. It gave the signs for “therefore,” “that,” “a,” “by,” “the,” and “of,” and the signs for “chapter” and “verse,” and by giving also the character for the letter “j,” it furnished the clue to the text shown in Fig. 1, which was J. 14 ch.: 19 v.

We next turned to a third sermon, “On the marriage of my daughter Betsey to Mr. White, in the 21st year of her age.” Here the false assumption that the preacher would choose a text from the New Testament for such an occasion, had nearly proved fatal to success.

A 7th chapter and a 14th verse were evidently called for. The only corresponding verse in the New Testament that could be used for a wedding sermon, is 1 Cor. 7: 14, "For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband." Although this seemed, perhaps, a trifle personal, and while I sympathized with Mr. White's probable embarrassment on hearing its first clause solemnly pronounced, I yet accepted it as a translation of the characters in question, and was for many hours plunged into dire confusion. I afterward discovered that the real text was taken not from Corinthians, but from Ecclesiastics 7: 14, "In the day of prosperity be joyful; but in the day of adversity consider."

It is useless to trace farther the fascinating, though very devious path which led to the recovery of the key to this most ingenious shorthand. Part of this key I have written here. (Fig. 2.) It will be noticed, that, although used by Mr. Allen

L = b	- or ^ = n or ng
c or ~ = k or hard c	p = p.
c = ch (soft)	r or (= r.
d = d	s = s.
f = t	v = v.
l = th	w = w, initial.
L = f	x = x, initial.
y = g (hard)	o = with
l = g soft, or f.	. = in
v = l	vowels are indicated by
\ = m	dots in certain positions.
	x = Christ.
	O = world.

Fig. 2.

nearly sixty years before Pitman invented his more perfect system, it is yet essentially a phonographic system. The lines

represent sounds rather than letters or words. Like Pitman's, too, it relies chiefly upon the consonants, and, when necessary, indicates the vowel sounds by dots placed in particular positions. I have heard, though as a rumor, that Mr. Allen used Weston's system of shorthand.

James Weston lived in London, and published his treatise in 1730. It reappeared in many successive editions until 1749. Instructions have been sent to a Boston dealer to procure, if possible, a copy of this ancient "Compleat Stenographer," that, together with Mr. Allen's manuscript, it may be laid away in the archives of the Athenæum.

Combined with the stenography proper in these old sermons, is a perplexing use of symbols, possibly invented in part by Mr. Allen himself. For example, a circle represents "the world," and a straight line drawn across a circle is translated "*through* the world;" a slanting line, the equivalent of the letter "m," stands with Mr. Allen for "him," and a line across it reads, of course, "through him." He also used the customary oblique cross for "Christ," and a line through the cross, and a dot above it, means "through Christ Jesus."

One very touching thing has come to light in this connection, and proves,—as does also the sermon on the death of Simeon Crowfoot, where the text, (a fac-simile of which is given in Fig. 1,) was, "And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother,"—that Mr. Allen's heart was very gentle and loving. When, years later, his daughter Betsey died, Mr. Allen preached her funeral sermon, and in connection with it quoted from the same passage which he had chosen for her wedding text, when she had stood in the blush of womanhood at the altar and joined her right hand to the hand of Mr. White; this time, however, emphasizing with infinite pathos the latter instead of the former clause: Ecclesiastes 7: 14, "*In the day of adversity consider.*"

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Translation.

"APPLICATION.

I am unable to * * state of all such as seek justification by the deeds of the law, and are strangers to the grace of God in their own hearts. They, like the young man in the Gospel, think that they are in very good standing with the law; and they think that the law does not demand perfect obedience, and so does not extend to the heart; or they are ready to contend that they are perfect and justified by the law. Amazing stupidity! How unacquainted are all such with their own hearts, who think that they are not debtors to the laws of God, but have kept them from their youth. I haste, therefore, in faithfulness to my Master for whom I have spoken this day, and in the discharge of a sacred account, to urge all such persons as these (who) think they are not sinners, the law having no demands upon them because of their regular life, or who think that the law demands not perfect obedience, and extends not to the heart * * life; or who trust that they will be accepted of God because of their moral virtues, and who have no such * * as this, (otherwise all their * * are unprofitable * *) thoroughly to consider upon what foundation they build, where are their hopes, and for what is * * this word of the Apostle in the 9th of Romans: 'Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness? Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law.' 'For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted to the righteousness of God.' The hope of all such self-righteous persons will perish as the green hope of the grass. 'They will lean upon their house, but it will not stand, they will hold their hope fast, but it will not endure.' Cultivate this thought then in your hearts, my dear hearers (?), that all things, all your goodness, your moral virtues, you have but * *; in yourselves, you are entirely unworthy of justification, and can claim no right to it on account of any virtue in yourselves, but only through Christ.

If you build your hope on this Rock, try your foundation and it will not be shaken. When the sun shall be extinct, and

the stars shall start from their spheres, your hope, your stay, remaineth sure.

If it is as has been said, that we are justified by faith without the deeds of the law, then where is boasting? It is excluded. The boaster hath nothing to boast of, but cries 'Grace! Grace! all is free grace, for I had nothing in me to please God.' "

FORMER DAYS.

BY H. M. P.

It may not be exactly a recalling of the "glories of the former house," but it will be calling to remembrance some of its peculiarities to speak of the bookcase located at the right of the high "box-pulpit," filled with suitable "Sunday reading"—John Ward, Preacher and Robert Elsmere *not* included—for those persons who lived so far away, that once having got to church, they remained for both morning and afternoon sessions. How the familiar figures rise up to the mind's eye. Mrs. Crofoot, tin foot-stove in hand, Mrs. Cogswell, Madame Childs, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Deacon Goodman, Mrs. Chapman "of the west part," and many others. Sermon over, the Sunday School assembled in the ordinary pews, for as yet there was no lecture-room, and these venerable matrons gathering in the vicinity of the pulpit, each took a book, and diligently improved the intermission. How faithful they were to their ideal of keeping the Sabbath holy.

In the flourishing days of the Young Ladies' Institute, with what interest, not to call it by the odious name of curiosity, was the advent of the hundred young women (more or less) looked for. Does any one see any connection between the fact that they occupied the gallery to the left of the preacher, and that sittings down stairs, to the preacher's right, were greatly coveted by the youths of the period. They (the youths) certainly managed to keep within eye-shot of the rosy maidens.

Nothing shows more clearly the change in ideas, and that

true advance in what may be called the democracy of Christianity through which a great preacher once said "the best things are for all in these later times" than the different methods of seating the people now and in the former days, while nothing shows how hard it is to annul an idea or custom once rooted in the steadfast Anglo-Saxon blood, than the persistence with which the chief "seats in the synagogue" continued to be located far up the broad aisle, long after we had ceased to care for Lords or Dukes or even Esquires, on this side of the water. In those old aristocratic times, a stranger could tell "who was who," by observing the occupants of those pews, which were "owned" and transferred like a piece of real estate. In those days it must have been hard for a man to discriminate the exact point where the worship of his God began, and that of his own respectability left off.

To an observer who occupied the "coin of vantage" afforded by the corner seat among those young women aforesaid, some pictures come back very vividly. The venerable Dr. Humphrey, whose attitude and conduct were the embodiment of devoutness, and who listened to the familiar pulpit truths with an expression of attention, as alert as if he were hearing the "glad tidings of great joy" for the first time, Mr. Calvin Martin, always there, Mr. Ezekiel Colt and Mr. Levi Goodrich equally faithful, Mr. Lemuel Pomeroy, whose snowy cataract of shirt-ruffle and carefully tied queue were a welcome and picturesque legacy from the fashions of the former century, and the more practical fly-combating silk handkerchiefs of Mr. Weller and Deacon Goodman deliberately thrown over the bald surfaces so inviting to their tormenters. When Dr. Childs, or Deacon Allen, or Mr. Jason Clapp, or Mr. Solomon Russell were absent from church, the query was, "What is the matter of ——" or "how long has he been sick?" for everybody knew that nothing but physical disability would detain them.

To a person who had grown up under a pastor who wouldn't have admitted a person to the church till he could have rendered a reason for the faith that was in him "according not only to the Gospel," but also according to Jonathan Edwards' deepest reasonings, it was a wonderful and significant incident

to see the grand-daughter of the first minister, who, though a mere child, had resolved to plant her young feet in the paths of righteousness, "united to the church."

That the leading women of that day loved beautiful things, and that they thought nothing too good for the House of the Lord, was evidenced by the earnestness and zeal with which they toiled for the adornment of the present church when the "glories of the former house" had become a thing of the past.

In this day of profuse æsthetic decoration, it is difficult to appreciate what an "advanced" effort it was to secure the carving of the communion table, the chairs and the sofa by Mrs. Jason Clapp, who knew that among "the men at the shop" there was a skilled English carver who could do work that still commends itself as "good," and which being wrought largely from the seasoned oak, without flaw or blemish, that came from the beams of the former house, forms a pleasant link between that and this.

More than a generation has passed since we began to gather in our present spiritual home, beautified by the offerings of many loving hands, notably by a worthy descendant of the sturdy fighting parson, and although we must own that, considered as "glories" pure and simple, those of the latter house are far greater than those of the former, it will be long before we shall outdo the men and women of the former day, in unselfish devotion to what they believed the true interests of the First Congregational Church.

OLD USAGES AND PROMINENT PROFESSORS.

BY C. L. K.

“Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of suns that long have set,
Old voices call us, through the dusk returning ;
And then we ask with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet ?

The committee on the church anniversary have called for “Old Usages” and “Prominent Professors.” Old usages imply two things: 1st, being an eye witness; will any woman in the First Church of Pittsfield admit that! 2d, historical license. Should the facts touched seem a repetition of a “former treatise, Oh Theophilus,” they will be excused, as well as not a little unavoidable egotism. In Isaiah, 41st chapter, we read, “Let them shew the former things what they be, that we may consider them.” A text was necessary one hundred and twenty-five years ago!

My earliest recollections of the First Church of Pittsfield are being dressed in a white gown and jockey hat made by the renowned milliner, Miss Abigail Ives, and taken across the “green,” under the shadow of the big elm, “to meeting;” to the spacious square pew, next the pulpit, at the right of the broad aisle, (pronounced oil) where sat my grandfather, Captain Campbell, and Mr. William Hollister,—age and respectability deciding the location. Mr. Hollister seemed the “father of all living;” for thirteen children, when at a proper age, were brought to that pew. My father’s pew at the left of the broad aisle near the center, with Mr. James Buel; next ours the Childs’ pew; old Dr. Timothy and Rachel, eminent saints. So were all their descendants. “Col.” Tom and “Congressman Tim,” brought their southern brides to that pew, and they knelt

so gracefully. This was our first sight of an Episcopalian; exotics then! Opposite were the Golds, High Sheriff Brown, and the Pomeroy's. Will not a description of the style of dress be interesting? Gentleman's dress, a dark blue silk camlet, trimmed richly with lion's skin; a lady's, black satin pelisse with round cape, trimmed heavily with plush; a large Leghorn flat with ostrich-feather trimming around brim, and lined with yellow satin; ostrich plumes at the side. Beat that if you can, 1889! The "caste line" was generally drawn by the quality of the muff and tippet. The church *was* cold!

The Sabbath dawned at sundown on Saturday evening,—the first religious rite, a thorough scrubbing of each child—or more properly Friday evening, when the ruffled shirts were plaited for the Sabbath. All the family sat motionless with a good book. I was not allowed any one less serious than "Anna Ross." Sabbath morning Archelæus Bolton rang the first bell at half-past nine, the second at half past ten. Dr. Humphrey the minister. Service ended at twelve; and those from a distance, if not asked to the house of some friend, ate their doughnuts reverently in church, and a deacon would then call them together for a prayer-meeting. At half-past one, afternoon service, and at its close the Sunday School. Miss Martha Gold was my teacher. We reached our homes at dusk in winter; and after a repast, the children were catechised, and often chastised. Will a personal illustration be admissable? My father had come from New York, a long and tedious journey, in a sloop up the "North River." He brought his little girl a long shell comb, which cost one dollar. The next Sunday I didn't catechise to suit him, was arraigned, my comb boxed to splinters, and I said "I am glad of it." After the children's drilling, preparation for evening lecture; though calling, knitting, and spinning proper for those who preferred exercises less spiritual than a sermon. Sunday was a day of activity; the same spirit, methinks, that now reigns in the children of disobedience!

There was no *initial* religion and benevolence. No "A. B. C. F. M.," "S. C. E.," "Y. M. C. A.," "W. C. T. U.," "I. O. O. F.," "G. Y. L." No "Knights of Pythias," "Legion of

Honor," "Daughters of Rebekah," "Hache-no-sos," "Crescent Lodge," "Ethel Division," "Coral Workers," "King's Daughters," "Daisies," let alone sewing societies and clubs innumerable, about to sublimate in a "Congregational,"—but those saints were "obedient to the heavenly vision," according to their light.

All week-day services were held in the upper room of the South Street Church; the lower, an academic hall. The entrance to the lecture-room was fearful; for boys had mutilated with pen-knives, and girls with pencils, till it was as amusing and curious as the passages between the two Florence galleries. Everything conceivable was done in that lecture-room; concerts, fairs, chemical lectures; and on one Sabbath evening a thunder-bolt entered the colored pew, passing through the room, but doing but little harm. Harry Hoose, the faithful servant of Mr. Henry C. Brown, was stunned. Daniel Webster was present there at a fair, and bought pin-cushions and made a speech; Dr. Holmes, too; and recited a poem, "What a dollar will buy." Not until a dramatic show, for the "glorious cause of temperance," did the fiat go forth from Dr. Todd, "No more religious worship here." He carried it out, and a small lecture-room was built where stands ours now. The Sunday School was transferred from the church to that lecture-room in South Street, and the session changed to nine in the morning. Mr. Calvin Martin was superintendent, followed by the Hon. E. A. Newton; the roll called at opening.

Another "stone of stumbling" was our church perverted by a gaping crowd at Cattle Show. There was the "oration," and the premiums dispensed. Josiah Quincy came, and he caught my youthful attention by reciting "The Trees going forth for a King." A "Free Mason" entertainment restored the church to its legitimate uses. The square pews changed to slips before 1830, and the broad aisle was removed; two side aisles, with the pew occupants in position as before; the center aisle closed. There was a space in vestibule for two huge stoves, with pipes quite across, under the galleries, and terminating in an arch before the pulpit. On either side at entrance four pews were *raised*, and there sat Mr. Samuel Colt's family and ours—

much too slightly a place for devotionless human nature. The three center seats were free, and in gallery two square pews were retained for the colored people. There sat Kate Frazer, called "the Duchess;" Sallie Hoose, too, who always wept during the entire service, and reeled to and fro from emotion. The singing-gallery over those raging stoves looking at noon, when the small boys were filling the foot-stoves, lurid enough to carry an Atlantic steamer. In that gallery sat on first row the Misses Brattle, Miss Julia (now Mrs. Burbank,)—lovely in old age, she visited Pittsfield a few years since—Deacon Goodrich's daughters, and others. On the second, Betsey Campbell, Aurelia Hollister, Mary Brown, (the village beauty) and Aurelia Bissell, a character who was so "mighty" in the Scriptures and Hymn Book, that in advanced life she could read chapters and hymns with the book upside down or inside out. Opposite, the tenor and bass, Mr. James Warriner, Mr. Lyman Warriner, Charles Gold, Dr. Campbell, and led by Col. Warriner, with a singing-school led by Thomas Hastings. The music was fine; "Dundee," "Windham," "Mear," the style of the tunes. Dr. Humphrey was most judicious; and though he portrayed eternity vividly, 'twas never harsh. At the close of the afternoon service, when at its noisiest, John B. Root would quiet it by a marriage bann; "Marriage is intended between Mr. Winthrop Campbell and Miss Emma Lyman of Richmond." The monthly concert, the first Monday of the month; always a Wednesday evening lecture; a monthly meeting of church members to *test progress*; and a church fast as often as needed. Once a minister was seen carrying a tin pail on such a day, supposed to contain oysters! The Friday evening meetings in East and South Streets,—two were necessary, as the facilities for getting about evenings were meager then, and the meetings at the convenience of the lady who received them. There was the same cry then as "now is and ever shall be;"—"Speak to to the children of Israel that they go forward." One evening, entering the lecture-room, eyes dazzled by a yellow curtain stretched quite across, taking in the half of the room: a poor investment; for a good portion were daring enough to sit behind it, which was worse.

After the harvest was gathered, and more rest, the minister would say, "As there is now more time for thought, let us not have occasion to say, 'The harvest is past, and our souls not saved.'" A committee formed, and a decision;—that deacons and laymen, two by two, should visit every family;—the time and placed announced from the pulpit. They were generally well received. I was present at one visitation. It was two o'clock. The work was "done up," and the women of the family assembled in the best room with knitting-work. A deacon and layman appeared; women breathless. The deacon stepped toward one of the ladies—a spinster—and inquired for her soul? "Soul? you had better inquire for *my* soul! I remember your pranks old fellow! You need not talk to *me* about a soul."

After the thorough visitation was over, another meeting. What next? An evangelist, Mr. Nettleton, came with marvellous results. Others from time to time, and they were called "New Lights," "New Measures,"—Dr. Beman, Dr. Kirk, Mr. Finney. There were morning meetings at eight o'clock at the medical boarding-house; public service at ten; inquiry-meeting after, deacons and laymen assisting; service again at two, and at evening a prayer-meeting and inquiry-meeting at the boarding-house. Going to our home, the minister would say, "Go alone if possible, speak to no one." It was as stringent as a physician prescribing a breathing-tube for weak lungs.

The Medical College demolished, the prayer and inquiry meetings were at the house of the Pastor after. At one such meeting, the minister stood at the door to receive us, and as one and another came he would ask, "Saint or sinner?" I very modestly, not confidently, replied, "*Saint.*" "Go in parlor, sinners up stairs." He, excited, swayed between those above and below; and when with saints said, "Progress up stairs—pray!" The revival seasons were styled "*The Cloud,*" of greater or less extent; once, extending six miles: Joel Foster came into town—a colored lay preacher—and said, "There's a great awakening in the 'gulph!'"

It's quite time the good deacons were introduced—Deacon Bissell, Deacon Crofoot, Deacon Ichabod Chapman, and Deacon

Goodrich, (pronounced Gutrick). They were "grave"—"not given to filthy lucre"—but, did seem a little "double tongued," if judged by their quivering, quivering tones, when using striking texts for general condemnation. Deacon Bissell—"Curse ye Meroz. Curse her bitterly. Curse ye the inhabitants thereof; because they come not to the help of the Lord. The help of the Lord against the mighty." Deacon Crofoot—"Lay judgment to the line and Righteousness to the plummet. Let the hail sweep away your refuge of lies." Deacon Chapman—"Oh ye despisers! Wonder and perish!" Deacon Goodrich, illustrative; speaking of an Eastean rite, he said, "I suppose common kind of Christians can scarcely see how the thing could be done," and fell at full length on the floor to show how it might be. Those deacons lived and died in strong faith. Deacon Crofoot sent this notice to the pulpit: "Deacon Crofoot, contemplating a journey to Albany, asks the prayers of God's people, that he may go and return safely."

We would not, if we could, call them back to earth; "the disobedient first parents" their starting point and theme, gone! No data for the introduction of sin! Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob historic myths! The prophets nearly swept away, and no "Messianic prophecies." The whale didn't swallow Jonah, although a sea-serpent sixty-five feet long, 'tis said, is now in New York. 'Twould give Jonah a parlor and bedroom!

Those deacons would lift up holy hands and exclaim, "Deliver us from this untoward generation." One specimen of the wife of a deacon, Mrs. Crofoot. She was a small, pleasant-faced woman, always accompanying her husband with the foot-stove. She showed a little vanity after his death in supposing every gentleman burthened with serious intentions. She would say "Go home! Get ready for your *grave*, where you are going soon, and *I too!*"

The lawyer who "*executed*" for her asked, "How much 'sweetnin' do you use a year?" "Fifty pounds!" "Too much! too much!" She didn't see "what business a lawyer had meddlin' with her sweetnin'!"

These wives lived simply, not comfortably. One wood fire

in kitchen; supplies for winter to be laid in; a barrel of apple sauce; candles to be dipped; a barrel of pickles; mince pies to be made and put away in an unoccupied floor up chamber, and protected from mice; pumpkin and apples to be dried on lines hung across kitchen; a cask of hop-beer for drink and to supply "emptins" for bread. Notwithstanding these inconveniences and household duties, they never "forsook the ordinances." A variety of vegetables for dinner the great desideratum. Mrs. Crofoot heard a knock at her door in the forenoon. She didn't let them "knock and go away," nor could she send word "engaged;" so with her sleeves turned up and knife in hand, she went to the door. "Come in; glad to see you; I was gittin my sass ready for dinner. I have got my *long* sass done. It won't take long to do short sass." "Long sass"—beets and parsnips; "short"—onions and turnips. We wouldn't recal these wives! Imagine Mrs. Ichabod Chapman at the house of a modern deacon. Would she not be dazed with the day's programme? "*Hind-ustance*" to her!—at 11 a piazza party; at 5 an "afternoon" tea; at 6 a "high" tea, where six plates at least would be necessary for each person before the stomach could set off on a fresh digesting tour! The deacon engaged later at either "drive" whist or "progressive" euchre. Cards, to her, the "deadly Upas" under whose shadow no "Professor" could live. A "German" the next evening, with a matronly professor" as chaperone. She would exclaim, "take me back to my long sleep! Let me lodge among the monuments."

We should like to introduce Miss Nancy Ingersoll to a modern benevolent society,—not to the Young Ladies' Benevolent, for she was the founder of it, and it has kept its Ingersoll flavor. Seventy years ago it sent Cyrus Mason, a fledged minister, to New York. We will fancy her at a society, which I heard described by a connoisseur, a few days since: "I have yet to see a more beautiful display of silver, glass, viands, and service. The linen and napkins so fine!" How much of the four hours allotted to work did that magnificent lunch consume? "He that sitteth in the heavens" may not "laugh," but the heathen "will have them in derision."

PROMINENT PROFESSORS.

Miss Nancy Ingersoll "par excellence," one whom Orville Dewey would have called a "spiritualized ogre of childhood;" with a strong, determined face, she rushed through these streets from shop to shop, into offices, frightening the lawyers, and urging every one to "fall on knees and submit." I shiver while writing of her. Miss Lydia Adams, who always followed every smile with a tear and a prayer. I was thrown into her presence, excited her risibilities, and she told me "how sadly it made her feel." One dear old lady said to me, "My child! where will you end if you laugh so much?" A Sunday School Superintendent asked a friend of mine, a teacher, "if she couldn't smile less when teaching?" Such professors had better join a menagerie, where nothing but the hyæna would discomfort them!

Mrs. Jemima Severance, of a calm, poetic religion; she lived on Washington mountain, and picked berries; and told us of the birds, which "sang and flitted about her surrounding scenery." One aid to her poetic nature was extraordinary. During a morning service, in the old church, a lovely white dove entered; Jemima sat in the free seat near the door; the dove, after flying through the aisles, passing the Pomeroy's and Golds, rested on Jemima's shoulder; the church and she excited; for, had not the "Spirit like a dove alighted on her." She always wore black; but, when called to mourning, she added a large black crape pocket-handkerchief. As she was a sanctuary weeper, it was rather disfiguring!

Having given a severe and ideal type, I introduce another, which people have called nominal.

"Dosia" Herrick—a keen, intellectual woman. She "did all that might become a woman," and *much more*. At an early age she donned male apparel, and drove a stage from Whitehall to Saratoga. She sawed and chopped wood, chewed tobacco, and finally papered and painted houses; a charming cook withal, and lived a long time in that capacity at Major Thomas A. Gold's. I heard one of the most acute gentlemen of Pittsfield say, "she's a keen reasoner; I take every opportunity of talking with her." Between thirty and forty years

ago she lived at Deacon Fenn's, in the house occupied by Mr. Holland, East street. During a revival, tidings came, Dosia Herrick is "under conviction." [I may be excused for using so obsolete a term.] Everybody was interested; and there was really, what would be called now, a "bulletin board." The second morning—"Dosia has passed a night of anguish!" The third—"Dosia has come out bright!" [I use these terms reverently.] They help to make "The Usages." She stood in the aisle of the old church, made a profession, but only for a short time went to church. I often asked her "Why?" "I have no clothes; I won't accept any." "I have no seat; won't accept one;" and, perhaps on a step-ladder near the ceiling, she would say, "I know I love my Lord, I wait for his appearing." She lived to a great age. Her eye lost its peculiar sparkle, "the sound of the grinding was low," and she was taken to the House of Mercy,—so against her natural instincts, independent through and through. A brother at the west was needy, and she sent her hard earnings to him, expecting them returned. They never came. Many other most useful and prominent professors might be added. The Danforths, the Whites, the Cogswells.

There have been a few ripples on the church surface. When a bass-viol was introduced; when a font was proposed, and flowers; but the "war of the roses" exceeded all.

We awoke one Sabbath morning to the fact that the "beautiful house where our fathers worshipped" was irrevocably scorched. An adjournment to Burbank hall, of which Dr. Holmes said: "The pictures that hang in Burbank hall would frighten the spiders from the wall." There, until the grand stone edifice was completed, we worshipped. Then came the question, red or blue? Dr. Todd opposing the blue, said, "How shall I look behind a blue cushion." A lady remarked, "The sky is blue." "Yes! but a good way off," replied the Doctor. Blue carried the vote, and Dr. Todd preached "*blue* Presbyterianism."

Will any one ask, were, or were not "the former times better than these?" There certainly was a more marked outward distinction between the so-called "Children of Light" and

"Children of Darkness." I fear Mrs. Crofoot would say, "You need, like a flock of sheep from the washing, to be branded with vermilion red to be distinguished."

This vast audience must decide whether age or talent called forth the sad yet pleasant invitation, to a modern thinker, to recall "Usages and Professors" of seventy years ago!

MISSIONARIES FROM THE FIRST CHURCH

BETWEEN 1819 AND 1850.

BY DEACON JAS. H. DUNHAM.

My interest in Foreign Missions commenced in 1817, when I was fourteen years of age, so what I have to say of that time must be from a boy's standpoint. I then met Mr. Levi Parsons, who had come from Cambridge, N. Y., into the family of old Dr. Prime, (where I was living) to see if he could raise funds to send missionaries to the Holy Land. He and Rev. Pliny Fisk had offered themselves to go on that mission. He endeared himself to the youthful members of the family, who all became his warm admirers and ardent friends.

In 1819 I came to Pittsfield. Fisk and Parsons had already gone to the Holy Land, and I was prepared to notice everything done for Foreign Missions. I was admiring a large field of corn growing on the west side of North street, opposite Maplewood, and was told that that field was being cultivated by the deacons of the First Church for the benefit of Foreign Missions. The names of the deacons were Daniel Chapman, Daniel Crofoot, Eli Maynard, and Charles Goodrich. Very soon after this I heard that a Miss Partridge, living in the northeast part of the town, had offered herself to go as a Foreign Missionary. She was married to Mr. Samuel Whitney,

and sailed with the first band of missionaries that went to the Sandwich Islands, in October of that year, (1819).

In the revival of 1827, a young man was converted by the name of David White, son of Mr. Enoch White who lived in East street. He was a very enthusiastic Christian. He early consecrated himself to the work of missions, and after due preparation was sent by the American Board to Cape Palmas, now the Gaboon mission, on the western coast of Africa. He was married to a lady of Cambridge, N. Y., and sailed October 31, 1836, from Baltimore. They both died of the fatal fever of that climate, after a few months' residence there.

About the year 1839, Miss Salome Danforth, a daughter of Col. Joshua Danforth, went out to Smyrna as a teacher, sent by the Young Ladies' Benevolent Society of the First Church. After a time Miss Danforth needed an assistant teacher in her school, and Miss Eliza Howard, a daughter of Welcome S. Howard, then a member of the First Church, was sent by the same society that was supporting Miss Danforth. Miss Howard returned after two or three years. She was afterward married to Rev. Mr. Wood of the Satara mission, India, where she died in a few years.

The next who went from this Church as a missionary of the American Board, was Dwight Whitney Marsh. He was sent to the Assyrian mission. After laboring there a short time, his wife died, and he returned to this country.

In September, 1848. Miss Lucy Taylor, daughter of Deacon Thomas Taylor, was married in the First Church to Dr. Charles H. Wetmore of Lebanon, Conn., and they sailed as missionaries of the American Board to the Sandwich Islands. They were stationed at Hilo, Hawaii, and remained in connection with the American Board only about six years, then became self-supporting. Mrs. Wetmore died in July, 1883. Dr. Wetmore is still doing the same work at Hilo as when connected with the American Board.

While Dr. Tappan was our pastor I attended a meeting of prayer for schools and colleges, at which Dr. Tappan said that the great need of missions then was not money, but men, and he thought it the duty of Christian parents to consecrate their

children to the work of missions. Mr. Ebenezer Parsons rose in his place and said he had a son whom he should be glad to consecrate to that work if the Lord would accept him. Prayer was offered in his behalf. This son, Justin, was then a lad about six or seven years of age. He came into our Sunday School, and after a time went to Williams College. During his college course he was converted, and immediately gave himself to the work of foreign missions. He married Miss Catherine Jennings, a graduate of Oberlin College, and they were sent by the American Board to the Syrian mission April, 1850. When he was in this country some years later, on a visit, I related to him the incident of his father's consecration of him to missionary work while he was a boy. He said he had never heard of it before. Mr. Parsons was a modest, unassuming man, a laborious and successful missionary, and greatly endeared himself to the people for whom he labored. In August, 1880, while returning from one of his frequent missionary tours through the country, and camping for the night within a day's journey from his home, he was brutally murdered in his sleep by a band of native robbers. He left a wife and four children. Mrs. Parsons and a daughter are still laboring in the field where he spent thirty years.

This account closes with the year 1850, since which time I have not been familiar with the work of the Church.

EVENING SESSION.

REMARKS OF MR. HENRY MARQUAND,

OF NEW YORK.

In a queer little book called "The Life of a Prig," that sententious individual records his supreme thanksgiving for the inestimable blessing of a mother who could speak Greek. The only excuse that can mitigate my presumption in taking part in these ceremonies, is the incomparable advantage of having a mother who was born and bred in Pittsfield, and who is doubly a daughter of this First Church.

This is especially a day of reminiscences, when it is more than ever becoming to dwell on the merits of those who have gone before. In the latest work of your gifted fellow-townswoman, Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, the fidelity of whose delineations of New England life has never been surpassed, there is an apostrophe to the notable qualities of the young women of a former day contrasted very forcibly with the inclinations of the present, that have produced "a class of over-dressed, flaunting, silly, selfish creatures." (I should not dare to indulge in such language without the protection of quotation-marks.) You will find the same sentiment in Boccaccio—if you are permitted to read Boccaccio—who says, "That virtue which adorned the minds of women in former times is passed in our day into the ornaments of the body; and she whose habit is most gaudy, and set off with the most embroideries and fantastic fringes, deemeth herself worthy of honor above her fellows, not considering that if it be a question of loading themselves with bravery, an ass will carry more than any one of them." With such examples it will not be thought singular in me, if for the moment I close my eyes to the undoubted charms of the present generation, and join the procession in praise of that which has preceded it, thus taking a hint from Charles Lamb,

who, in reply to a friend's comment that his works would never be read by posterity, exclaimed, "Confound posterity! I shall write for antiquity."

I am not aware that speaking Greek was accounted one of the accomplishments of the households of Pittsfield one hundred and twenty-five years ago, but I do know that those households at that time and ever since have produced a mighty fine strain of mothers, and it will never be brought up against them if the time stolen from the study of Xenophon and Aristotle has been profitably employed in spanking good New England morals and sound New England sense into intelligent offspring. The New England mother is a success. I wish I had the eloquence to depict the loveliness of her nature, the nobility of her character, the sweetness of her disposition; but I can only say with a feeling of gratitude, "God bless her!" and recommend any who may be in search of mothers or grandmothers, to look out for the New England variety and the Pittsfield pattern.

The first pastor of your church presents a very interesting figure. He deserves to be remembered for the gallant way in which he fought at Bennington, though nothing less could be expected of one who poured hot shot into Satan and all his works during a long and active life, than that he should manifest equal courage when confronted by a visible foe. But even more significant is it to discern in his character that old Puritan quality which your pastor has eloquently spoken of this morning, the quality of individualism which goes to strengthen a sturdy sense of personal liberty, and which is in a measure the foundation-stone of our American republic. Can you imagine that he would have anything but scorn for that modern notion which makes of all life a mechanism, of all men and women mere machines, and which induces large bodies of men to relinquish every attribute of manhood at the behest of an irresponsible demagogue? He was employed in forming a community where everybody was somebody; he and his successors were occupied in building up a church in which the individual was not ignored, thus striving to purify the mass by elevating and purifying its integral parts. It is this quality that has

stamped the New England character wherever it has penetrated, that is found in her legislation, in her literature and her thought, an animating and uplifting force.

And what a glorious theatre is that in which this wholesome principle was illustrated by such a life as his. I see that solitary figure wending his way back from Bennington through the exquisite mazes of the Hoosac Valley. Greylock is before him piercing the heavens with a halo of cloud about its top, and he

"by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

Every turn of the road revealed a new scene of beauty to his sight in an arrangement of hills and lakes surpassing to a partial eye the boasted glories of Killarney. The elms were as noble and as stately then as to-day. Birch and maple flung their gorgeous dyes along the river-banks and covered the mountains with a blaze of glory, and when

"At last the summer meadows lost
Their ruby-boss't and emerald hues,
September tossed
Upon the hills her dews
White with the autumn frost."

It is an inspiration to own kinship with traditions so precious, to feel, however remotely, a sense of proprietorship in a scenic splendor so entrancing.

REMARKS OF PROF. H. HUMPHREY NEILL, OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that, in Pittsfield, I am at last called upon to represent myself. Among these surroundings, and before these faces, I have all my life been trying to live up to a name.

As a boy I was patted on the head, as a young man I was asked to say "How do you do" to strangers, because I was named Heman Humphrey. In college I received undue attention through a kind of presidential nepotism, and when for the

first time I preached in this pulpit, where I was inwardly striving to master some individual gait, and gather some personal grace, I was introduced as the son of my father and the grandson of my grandfather, and then left to sail my way through the sermon, nameless and undistinguished, on a sea of ancestral glory.

When this exceedingly kind invitation from the Church of Pittsfield came to Amherst College, and the College asked me to serve as their delegate, I mildly interposed that on the very day which the Pittsfield Church was to make renowned for all ages the Faculty had given me two classes to teach. How could I leave? The answer was, that if I had not had a grandfather I might never have had any classes at all to teach in Amherst!

Thus I have come, and by your sympathetic introduction have had added to the bequests of hereditary vocation the duties of an individual.

I had thought to come and say that for the first time in her history Amherst College had an opportunity to discharge a debt of obligation to the Pittsfield Church in thanking that church for the gift of a president in the early struggle of the college for existence. But I now find that I am expected to acknowledge a theft (in taking Dr. Humphrey from Pittsfield) and to confess the crime.

In either case I bring you the gratitude of Amherst College, and the joy that she feels in her partnership with you in the services of this noble man.

I know the difficulty with which Dr. Humphrey left Pittsfield. I know the decision to accept the call to Amherst was made only after long deliberation. But he could not be a "foundation-man" in Pittsfield. The names that surround us on these shields had already laid foundations here, while in that young institution whose cry had reached him he might begin at the bottom.

If I should speak of the value of that gift of yours to the College, I could not pretend to impartiality. It is doubtless true that every point of his life is illuminated to me by the glory of my own reverence and love, a glory which has translated his life into an ideal, and made of his memory an inspira

tion; yet the best of this confession is that I know something of the same reverence and love dwells in the hearts of many whose eyes I meet this evening.

When Dr. Humphrey went from Pittsfield to Amherst he came into close contact with young men. He returned from Amherst to Pittsfield to bring back to you such an attachment to young people as he never could have known but for the experience of college life. He returned a leader among the young and hopeful, mature in wisdom, mellow in charity, his youth renewed like the eagle's.

It is as he came back from Amherst that I remember him best, and most of you best remember him; not the man with black hair and full color, but the man whose presence walked toward the sunset while his spirit had not forgotten the dawn. As we thus remember him, he stands for a type of character not entirely modern, one for which our eyes are not so kindly and so widely opened as were those of his own generation. This is the day of the specialist. It is hard to find an old-fashioned family doctor. We have a physician for each disease. Lawyers now mass themselves in firms, each member of which attends to one department, and does not practice in an office, but occupies a compartment. Students in college tend away from a liberal education toward the limitations of one kind of learning. Thus men become brilliant at points, illuminated as by electricity, with small dispersive power.

Where is the old character that was once an inhabitant of our New England towns? Those men were spherical in their development, and radiant from every part. They exercised a lasting influence on the whole community, and were always larger than their profession. It was a character something after this sort; wanting the gleam of the carbon-point, but diffusing a silent benediction; without the originality of eccentricity, but sound in its sanity; complete in its development, following the God of righteousness; benign, gracious, penetrating, sturdy. It was such a character that walked these streets in the body of Dr. Humphrey.

He went from your church in Pittsfield to teach young men in Hampshire County how to live; he returned to teach men

in Berkshire County how to grow old and how to die. The most precious lesson that can be taught to any generation that has passed the boundary of youth, is the faculty of growing old graciously, grandly, and with large charity.

Dr. Humphrey was a Calvinist of the Calvinists, but whatever may have been inwrought into the fibre of his integrity through doctrine did not prevent in him an adaptability to circumstances, a broad wisdom and a faith in humanity, which enabled him to welcome all that promoted progress, without destroying his reverence for the tested thought of the past. When, therefore, the struggle was over in which the charter of Amherst College was fairly wrested from its opponents in the Legislature, a clause was found in that charter making it binding on the College that no difference of religious belief or doctrine should prevent any one from occupying a professor's chair, or a student from gaining any of the emoluments of the Institution.

This is the man whom we sent back to you, and I am now ready to receive your thanks for returning him in such excellent order.

I remember him as he walked these streets and greeted almost the whole town as his friends. I remember him as he took me by the hand and led me about your gardens and your beautiful enclosures. I remember when the click of his cane on the door-steps of your homes was the only signal needed to open the door for his welcomed entrance. I remember when he pointed out the trees his society had planted, and rejoiced in their growth, though he knew he should never enjoy their shade. In his old age I remember him when all the beauty of Pittsfield was his to enjoy, and the glory of eternity he simply waited for.

It is this Dr. Humphrey whom I represent in the spirit as well as in the body, and for whom Amherst College returns her thanks to this Church and to this people.

REMARKS BY REV. CHARLES J. HILL,
OF STONINGTON, CONN.

This is the first intimation that I have had that I was to be called upon to say anything this evening; but your Pastor wishes a few words spoken for Dr. Todd. After the graceful and eloquent tribute of Mr. Jenkins this morning, no words of mine can add anything to your honor and esteem for Dr. Todd.

Among the earliest incidents of my childhood I remember that on a warm Sunday afternoon my father took me with my brothers and sisters to the Sunday-School of the new Congregational Church that had just been organized in Philadelphia. We all sat on a vacant semi-circular seat by the door, and timidly waited for some one to speak to us. Very soon the minister, whom I had never seen, came in from his study and spoke to us so pleasantly and kindly that all fear vanished. As I happened to be sitting on the end of the seat, and was the youngest, he laid his hand upon my head and said: "My boy, I hope you will become a good man and preach the Gospel." I did not know what he meant, but somehow I never lost the impression which those few words made upon me. Ever afterward I felt that there was a peculiar blessing in the touch of the good man's hand. Often my father would remind me of it, and recall my wayward feet by saying, "Remember, Dr. Todd said you were to preach the Gospel." So enduring was the influence of that little act of the new minister!

After awhile Dr. Todd left Philadelphia and went to Pittsfield. The love of all the Sunday-School followed him. He had won the hearts of all the children. On one occasion he sent down a great box of maple sugar, and I shall never forget how we felt, when, at the close of the afternoon session, each scholar received a little cake. We treasured and kept it, I know not how long. In our ignorance we thought that Pittsfield was far off in the woods, and were very sorry for the good man we loved. We did not know that it came from Long Lake.

When I decided to go to college, and determined to carry out the prediction of my Pastor, I wrote to Dr. Todd about Will-

iams College, and he advised me to go there, and added, "When you come, stop at my house." Afterward I found it very agreeable to stop over on my way back and forth. Dr. Hopkins, of whom I used to ask permission when I wanted to come down in term time to attend a concert at Maplewood, with a merry twinkle in his eye would say, "Yes; and if you happen to see Dr. Todd, just remember me to him." It often "happened" that I did see him!

So I came to know Dr. Todd very intimately, and became a good deal interested in this church.

It was my privilege to be the first young man to lead up this aisle the lady whom he was to call his wife; who, in his estimation, was the choicest of Pittsfield's most intellectual and brilliant daughters. On another occasion it was my delight to bring my little son and have him consecrated to Christ and baptized with the name of his grandfather. It was here, too, that I preached my first sermon, which Dr. Todd criticised so kindly that I never had occasion to repeat it, but cherished the valuable lessons his suggestions gave me as among the most useful instructions of my ministerial life.

You who knew Dr. Todd so well do not need to have me speak of his preaching. He had Paul's belief in the power of preaching, and the Apostle's conviction that it was woe to him if he preached not the Gospel. He gave himself with all his enthusiasm to the one work of his high calling. He pressed into its service all the energies of his keen intellect, vivid imagination, romantic fancy, dramatic powers, pleasing humor and glowing pathos. He read much—read everything—and enriched his sermons with the cream. He traveled extensively, left nothing unseen, asked questions until men grew weary of answering, acquired all the knowledge that could be gained, and then returned to delight his people with his vivid descriptions, and make God's truth clearer by his capital illustrations. He studied hard on his sermons. Though he had more despatch than any man I ever knew, he never thought he could accomplish anything without working with all his might. And so he became a powerful preacher, original in style, convincing in argument, striking in his illustrations, glowing in imagery,

fervid and tender. At times he was grandly eloquent, never dull, and had no patience with stupid preachers. He was never afraid of the truth; never unwilling to see new truths. Though he was not a scientific man he was fond of investigation, and always welcomed the discoveries of science, and had no fear that God would deny in his works what he had said in his word. He preached the strong, bold, stern truths of sin and guilt and punishment; but always so tenderly and lovingly that you were sure it gave him more pain to speak than it did you to hear. You felt that he loved you and wanted to save you. He was never hopeless. On the dark background of sin he always showed the radiant Cross. Even those who did not agree with him were moved by his pathos and won by his kindness. As you heard it beautifully said this morning, this magnificent church, with all its influence for good, its far reaching benevolence, its Christian progressiveness, its love for the ever-growing Kingdom of Christ, and its ransomed saints gathered with him in the Temple on high, is his best monument. You are what you are because he loved and served you so long and faithfully.

You remember that beautiful day when we bore him up this aisle, along which he had so many times walked with joyful or anxious tread. The solemn strains of the organ did not disturb him. The respectful rising of the people did not awake him. We laid him down in front of this pulpit in which he had so earnestly preached the Gospel of Salvation. His brethren told of his faithfulness, and mourned, saying, "Alas! my brother!" More than three thousand people of all classes and creeds passed sadly by and looked into the face of the man they had so long loved. We moved along the streets that were crowded with sorrowful spectators, standing with uncovered heads. We passed by the Catholic Church, whose bell tolled for the good man who commanded the honor and reverence even of those from whom he differed in his creed. We entered the cemetery, consecrated by his prayers, wound along the avenue fittingly called the Pilgrimage to the lot purchased by your generosity, and there, in a grave completely walled with roses, we laid him down to rest. Little children gathered around the beautiful

grave, whose gloom was all taken away, and threw their fragrant flowers upon his casket; sweet voices sang his funeral song; a loving friend spoke your farewell; and the lingering rays of the setting sun shone into his grave, as if in token of the glory that had already greeted his spirit; and so we buried John Todd.

We rejoice that such a man lived and died among you, and that you to-day rise up and call him blessed.

REMARKS OF REV. E. O. BARTLETT,
OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

It is a great thing to have a history; a family history, a national history, a church history. Lord Bacon said, "Histories make men wise." They do more; read aright, they make men reverent, lead them to trust in Providence and to believe in God, the great over-ruling good. However confused and unmeaning the present may seem to man's short-sighted vision, and however fragmentary and insignificant an individual life may appear, like a waif on the sea or a feather in the air,

"The sport of every wave that flows:
The sport of every wind that blows;"

nevertheless, in the march of the centuries God is seen to be working out his own grand purposes toward the good time coming, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea."

Hence there are few duties more sacred than that of preserving history, and few more difficult. Memory is so treacherous,—so like a mirror that retains its object only while passing,—and the present is so full that there is little room for the past. And then over-much space must not be given to the past, for, while history is to be our helper, it is not to be our dependence; while it is a portion of our mental, moral, and spiritual food, it is not to be the staff of life.

Our favorite American poet, emphasizing the declaration Christ made eighteen hundred years ago, says, "Let the dead

past bury its dead;" and Paul exclaims, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press forward toward the mark for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." That man will become morose and sour and mouldy who, like Lot's wife, is always looking back. It is a bad sign when a man is always dwelling on the past and can see no profit or pleasure in the present; to whom the past is a kind of golden age, and the present the carnival of evil and fraud and passion and avarice. Such a man becomes a Cassandra, a prophet of evil to whom no one will listen; he becomes a misanthrope, a hater of his kind, and finally of his own self. The past is a musty volume, and under its mold is the poison of asps. It is death mentally, morally, and spiritually to live in the past. Our life is in the present, and we are to study the past only so far as it helps us to live and to do more intensely in the present, "heart within and God o'er head." This it will do, if we look back over the past where the finger of God points the way. If we read history as we would examine a casket holding a jewel, and that jewel the church of the living God, then history will be as a lamp throwing its light before. Then we shall learn not to underestimate the present, for we shall see that it is a part of that same casket that can not be broken. However lax the present may seem, however cold and formal religion may appear, nevertheless our confidence will be immensely strengthened by the revelation of history that the present is only a part out of which God is working our good and his own glory.

For ages past God has wondrously preserved his people. Amid all the vicissitudes of rising and falling empires, wars, pestilence and famine, the church has remained like the kernel of fruit whose hard shell has been bruised and battered by the hurricanes and tornadoes. When autumn comes—"the last days"—the bruised shell falls apart, falls away and is lost, but the kernel, the rich fruit, is gathered and preserved. So empires fall and kings pass away and are forgotten, but the church of the living God, to which they have been as the shell of the forest to its rich fruit, remains.

Statesmen and merchant princes think that the great interests

of the world all center in their plans and achievements; they think that government and conquest and commerce are the chief ends of man. But government and commerce are only the shell that holds the kernel. They shall fall, pass away, be forgotten, and the kernel, the church, garnered by the Chief Shepherd, shall nourish and strengthen Christian hearts in all generations to come.

So it has been in the past; so it shall be in the future. This is the great revelation of history. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever." "Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." (Joel 1: 3.)

God will never desert his people. "They are," says the Prophet Isaiah, "the holy seed, and as a tall tree and as an oak whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves," the church shall remain when all here like leaves have fallen. For her substance is of God. She has a divine life and can never die. One generation may come and another go, vast material changes may take place, parties and governments may rise and fall, kings and presidents may flourish and die, but the church of God shall never die. This marvelous life of the church, when everything else is changing so rapidly and passing away, calls us to new faith, new hopes, renewed exertions and sacrifices, fully assured that such faith, works, and love shall endure as the brightness of the firmament and the stars forever and ever.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." This you have been doing to-day, not simply recalling the past in a boasting way, though no people ever had a better reason for boasting than this Church. You are here fulfilling the command of Christ; you are doing what Moses did so often, what the prophets did, and the apostles, and what is left for us to continue to do after them,—to tell the history of the Church as an argument for God and His divine government, for it will sweep away the infidelity and scepticism of the day as no other reason or influence can. No human philosophy can account for the

marvelous life and continuance of the church through all ages. In these exercises you have preached a sermon that will remain with the young as an argument for God, His existence, and His providential government. You have illustrated a great truth that shall go down to your children and to their children, even to another generation. And we all may thank God for such a history, and be grateful that we have had any part or lot in it.

I thank this Pastor, this committee of arrangements, this dear people of Pittsfield, that once more I have been permitted to stand in this grand old temple and mingle my words and prayers with yours.

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT CARTER, OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

I need not express to you the pleasure that I feel in coming here to present my congratulations and the congratulations of Williams College to this ancient Church for its ever increasing glory. If I were to tell you the enthusiastic feeling I have cherished for Pittsfield ever since the time when I came on my horse up that main street, seventy-two miles from my home in Connecticut, on my road to Williamstown, you might think me very complimentary, but I have such a reverence for this place that it is difficult for me to believe that Williamstown was settled only one year later than Pittsfield, and that the Church in Williamstown was established only a year later than this church in Pittsfield; so that, as we celebrated our centennial in 1865, we should celebrate our one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary a year hence.

Little did I dream when I came in sight of this beautiful town, with its broad streets and so much of beauty everywhere, that so much of my life was to be spent in this good old Berkshire County. Little did I dream that this Church, which I noted, was so intimately connected with an Institution in which I was to become so largely interested. How shall I express to you the sense of the debt of gratitude which we owe for these names—so many of them, which are down in our catalogue as

trustees of our College? I will only mention Henry Van Schaack. He was an Episcopalian who had much to do with breaking down that original connection between the town and the spread of the Congregational policy of which we heard this afternoon. I also may cite Dr. Humphrey who was also a trustee of Williams College. You know, perhaps, that the birth of Amherst College was not altogether a matter of congratulation to Williams. You may know, perhaps, that however ready Williams—as a matter of course—was to increase her sons, like a good many other parents, she objected to more daughters.

You may know that the first president of Amherst College was stolen from the presidency of Williams. I will not say stolen, because I believe that even in those times infants were not considered capable of sinning. I will not say that in a theological sense, that was strictly a theft, and, perhaps, in an etymological sense Amherst College was not an infant, at least in speaking, for she called very loudly, and exercised a choice early in her existence. Perhaps you know that Dr. Moore, who left the presidency of Williams, went to Amherst, became president, and lived only two years after he went there. What the mysterious conditions were that existed I will not say. As to his death, is it not reasonable to suppose that he was worn out taking care of that abandoned infant during the first two years of his administration?

Then, having taken Dr. Moore, they took the pastor of this church, Dr. Humphrey, who was trustee of Williams, and remained a trustee of Williams for two years after he became president of Amherst. I don't know what would be thought of such a thing now-a-days. I suppose he remained, probably, in the desire to soften the heart of the cruel mother toward her vigorous and beautiful though abandoned infant. At the same time there are those who have wickedly suspected that he expected to be in at the bedside at the final distribution, and carry off the tea-spoons and other precious things to Amherst. Thank God, these antagonisms have passed! Since then the sons of Amherst and Williams, in every conflict, have stood shoulder to shoulder. Wherever men have been placed striking for the

progress of humanity; wherever patient hearts have beat in union, and eager eyes have been watching for the coming of God's kingdom, the sons of these two colleges have stood together for the progress of everything that was right. Whatever superficial relation may seem to be strained, down underneath—as I can testify—their aims are the same, and the true bonds are as strong as life itself between them. Let us not forget Rev. Mr. Bailey, also a pastor of this church, a trustee of our college for two years, and the Rev. Mr. Brinsmade, who, for eighteen years blessed us with his genial goodness and wisdom. I might mention Edward Newton, who was also a trustee of Williams College. All the Newtons, if you begin with Sir. Isaac, have been characterized by charity of mind. In India, Edward was a friend of Reginald Heber; had he lived in England, he would have been a friend of William Wilberforce. These names have a significance in this anniversary. It is a matter of deep gratitude that we can congratulate ourselves that on this beautiful, broad plateau religious principles are so in unison, and that the friendliness between denominations will not perish in this or any other generation that may follow.

Then I might speak of Dr. Todd, who was wise and great and enduring. He was the last of the dynasty of "prophet, priest, and king" in a New England parish. He, for twenty-seven years, went up to Williams College to participate in the councils of its governing board.

I might speak of Judge Colt, a man of commanding presence, whose presence inspired respect and whose words deepened that respect. Although his power never came into the administration I represent, the fruits of his labors I am nevertheless privileged to inherit. I will say that the succession is still maintained in the person of that gentleman who read to-day that extremely interesting paper on the "Relations of the Parish to the Church," which were so well maintained in this blessed town.

We may not see Samuel Hopkins and Stephen West in their three-cornered hats, in their small-clothes, in their silver-buckled shoes, and bands and gowns, but their noble lives remain. They went forth from the southern towns to establish

and found churches, to ordain ministers, in the northern districts. I was deeply affected by reading a remark of the late Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey at the Berkshire Jubilee. He said he was profoundly impressed by the reading of a little child, but did not understand what the child was reading or why he was so affected, until on reflection he noticed something in the voice that brought before him the beloved Dr. West.

Could we, my friends, catch the subtle tones and qualities that live to-day in the voices of the descendants of these great men; could we know what imperceptible links even in voice and action bind us, their descendants, to them; could we hear the inaudible whispers of encouragement that they would and do utter, should we not be profoundly affected? It is not to-day a single voice, but a chorus, a hallelujah chorus, that we might hear. But as we study more minutely and disentangle the chords, we find one strain higher than all others; it is that of their dependence upon God. We will not forget that they had their struggles and like us needed encouragement; that they had every day all that they could bear.

There was in California, a few years since, a town illumined by the electric light. A group of burners on a tall mast threw the light a great distance in every direction and obviated the necessity of any widely extended system of posts and wires. It has seemed to me that that brilliant and central combustion might not inaptly symbolize the old central church in the New England theocracy. It gathered into its inner circle the instruction, the reverence, the government of the community, and stood majestic, intense, dominating a wide area, and assuming to direct the words even of individuals and the currents of family life. For that age of few and simple elements and homogeneous force-centers it was a successful system. But the arc-light does not answer well in a fog. Even a brilliance equal to two thousand candles is no better in a vapor than a simple gas-jet. The latter is rich in those red rays that penetrate a fog without being absorbed, but the arc light has the blue rays that are so easily extinguished by mist. The brilliant electric system does well for dry air and starlit skies. That old Puritanic system was good for the clear ether of two hundred years

ago ; but to-day not by theocratic dominion, not by massive statements of doctrine, not by the minute application of legality, not by a Procrustean machine chopping off thought and words, but by patient condescension, by the gracious gift of true liberty, by the taper carried by a thousand hands, are hearts to be reached, the dark habitations of cruelty to be transformed into Christian homes, and the mists and vapors of scientific speculation and pretentious Agnosticism to be dispelled, until the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Not the electric light of the New England theocracy, but the loving hand holding the candle of the Lord carried by the patient foot to the outcast and the ignorant is the emblem of the less imposing, but not less victorious church of to-day.

REMARKS OF DEACON JAMES FRANCIS

OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.

I am quite sure I express the sentiments of this whole community in saying that we are under new obligations to this Church, for the privilege of listening to the interesting papers and addresses, recalling most vividly not only the important events in its history, but the many noble men and women whose lives were consecrated on this altar.

I shall confine my references to five men, all farmers, located two and a half miles west of the center, in what was then called the West School District.

Running from this north was the road leading to the North West District ; on one of these corners was the school-house and on the other my father's house.

The farms were in a cluster, divided only by the road. Several of them extended back to Onota Lake, thus encroaching upon the favorite hunting-grounds of the Indians. The names of the farmers were Captain William Francis, from Weathersfield ; Captain Daniel Sackett, from Westfield ; Captain John Churchill, from old Plymouth ; Colonel Oliver Root, from Westfield ; and Deacon James Hubbard, from Westfield.

Two previous efforts had been made to settle these farms ;

one from the east, which was frustrated by the Indians, the other by the Dutch, from the state of New York, who after a time, left, saying they dare not risk their families among the Indians.

Let us pause a moment, and look at the husbands and wives who made the first real settlement, as they are now settled upon their forest farms. Every farmer who hears me knows that it takes one generation to subdue a forest farm. Their roads, their bridges, their school-houses are all yet to be built, to say nothing of their meeting-houses. Add to this the cares of the Indians, and recollect that as military officers they are to pass through two wars, viz., the French and Indian war, and the war of the Revolution. The echo of a musket fired on a high rock near one of their dwellings was the signal for them to march their minute-men to the front. Several of these men were at the battle of Bennington, and three or four of them at the surrender of Burgoyne's army, at Saratoga.

As was said by one of the Pilgrim Fathers, "These lives of anxiety and toil are not for ourselves alone, but for those who shall come after us," so might these men have said.

It is profitable for us often to recall the lives of these fathers and mothers who were the pioneers of the present generation, and it were well that their names were embalmed in our memories.

Whence came our beautiful quiet homes, our excellent churches, these schools, and these splendid libraries?

These five men and women were fine specimens of humanity, physically, mentally, and morally, and would have been so regarded in any age or community. Sparta in all her best days, with all her boasting, never reared ten nobler or more heroic men and women than they. Three of these men were over six feet in height, and the others were not much less. Captain William Francis was called Governor Francis until the day of his death. I never knew why. Some used to say he was a born leader of men; perhaps that was it. Symmetrically built, with a lion-like tread, and a countenance that no Indian would forget. Colonel Oliver Root, directly across the road, was six feet tall and heavier built. Second in command of a

regiment near the Mohawk valley, attacked by a superior force of French and Indians in ambush, Colonel Brown already shot down by his side with many of the men, he then led the remainder of the regiment to a block-house not far away, and there defended himself against the enemy. Colonel Root had six boys, each six feet high, and it used to be pleasantly said that he had "thirty-six feet of boys!" No weaklings would have settled down where they did: if they had they could not have staid over night. The Indians about them were, none of them, of the Stockbridge tribe. The Stockbridge Indians were always friendly. Captain William Francis once said to me, "When I had purchased this farm and built a log-house, there were but forty men in town. Coming with a hired man from the center to the farm, and darkness coming on before we had accomplished all we desired, I decided to stay over night. The log-house was strongly built, we barricaded the door, and lay down to rest. About midnight I heard Indians around the house. I listened, hoping to learn their number. Awaking my man, I told him we must be ready for their reception. They continued around the house until daylight, when we removed the barricade from the door, and about half a mile away I counted nine Indians. A short time before an Indian had been shot near the lake, and his friends had sworn vengeance. They knew there were but two of us within, and probably came designing to break in. They well knew, however, there would be less live Indians to count in the morning if they did, and so they decided not to make the attack."

On another occasion Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of Deacon Hubbard, found herself alone in her house, her husband being away. On entering her kitchen, she was confronted by three Indians. The Indian never knocks; it is not his way. Her first thought was to blow the tin horn hanging upon the wall to be used as a signal if anything is wanted at the house. The next instant she decided differently—it might cost her her life. The Indians called for food, and she supplied it, and whatever else they called for, if she had it, it was given them. She hoped by supplying them liberally they would soon leave, but they knew they should not be interrupted, and were not in a

hurry. Finally they went away. These Indians knew the men too well to dare treat their families with cruelty in their absence. Their highest ideal, *strength and fearlessness* they had seen in them.

I have thus quite imperfectly referred to some of the surroundings of these settlers, fair specimens of the solid men and women who so early laid the foundations of this Church.

My father one day announced to the family that Deacon Hubbard was severely sick, and that the doctor thought he would not recover. He then added, "Parson Allen visited him yesterday, and standing by his bed and taking him by the hand he said, 'Deacon Hubbard you *must live*, we cannot spare you,' and then kneeling he prayed most fervently that God would spare Deacon Hubbard's life, for the Church's sake, and then for God's sake; and then, after a solemn pause, he added another prayer, 'O God spare Deacon Hubbard's life for *my* sake!'" These prayers were answered; Deacon Hubbard was restored to health, to be a blessing to the Church and community for years.

APPENDIX.

REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST IN PITTSFIELD.

Most of the reasons which called for and led to the somewhat elaborate celebration of the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the First "Church of Christ" in Pittsfield, will be readily deduced from the historical address and essays printed in the preceding pages of this volume ; and it will even be conceded that the history so graphically related would have justified a much more pretentious demonstration. As it was, however, little was left to be desired except a larger attendance of the children of the Church, who are found in every part of the Union. This was not to be expected in the inclement season during which historical truth required the celebration to be held. Still, had the interest which attended the occasion been generally anticipated, doubtless more would have braved the threatening skies to take part in it. As it is, they must be content with the printed transcript, which—while it necessarily lacks the magnetism of an assemblage bound together by so many, so entwining and so far-reaching, ties as those which might almost be said to have given one soul to the hundreds who gathered in the church and chapel on the 7th of February—still cannot fail to awaken a kindred thrill in the hearts of those readers who are at all affiliated with the old Church.

The immediate origin of the celebration was as follows : During his pastorate of the Church for twelve years, Rev. Mr. Jenkins had become profoundly impressed with its grandly historic character. Its great local influence was apparent enough to all, both before and after it represented the religious "standing order" in the Commonwealth ; but it was also the mother of churches all over the land, and those who could not be strictly classed as its daughters had been greatly strengthened and enriched by membership infused from the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield. Still more notable—or at least more exceptional—was the influence which the Church exercised in the affairs of the State and Nation through the strong men who have been its pastors from time to time, and other strong men, who found inspiration in, or were strengthened in their convictions and efforts by, the words which came from its pulpit and the associations within its borders. No one familiar with its history will dispute that, from the days of Parson Allen down, this Church has been a power in the land, although it never exercised that power directly in its corporate capacity.

There was also in its traditions much of the quaint and curious which went to illustrate the changing traits and customs of successive generations.

In the year 1864, the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the first pastor was celebrated, but it was during the confusion which attended the

closing years of the civil war, and at a time when there was far less interest in local history than has since been awakened ; so that little more than had previously been known was developed. In fact the interest manifested in the occasion was far less than its importance merited or that which it would probably have excited at almost any other time. Rev. Dr. Todd, at the close of his pastorate, gave an interesting but cursory history of the Church in a brief sermon ; but it was not possible for him to make any prolonged research or to enter into details. Afterward the subject was more systematically and thoroughly pursued in connection with the history of the town. Nevertheless it was apparent that much yet remained to be discovered, which might throw light upon the history and clothe the dead past with new life ; although few expected the flood of light which actually came with the celebration.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins, therefore, and those of a similar experience and observation with whom he consulted, deemed it advisable that there should be a celebration, upon a broad scale, of the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the Church, for the three-fold purpose of doing honor to the memory of the fathers, of bringing into closer relationship those who had succeeded or were descended from them, and to obtain and preserve memorials of its history whether of record or derived from tradition.

In accordance with these views Mr. Jenkins, on Sunday, Nov. 11, 1888, briefly called the attention of his people to the subject and requested them to meet on the following evening to consider it. This meeting was not very largely attended, but those who did attend became deeply interested. Rev. Mr. Jenkins presided, and Henry A. Brewster, the clerk of the Church, was secretary. It was voted that the anniversary should be fittingly observed and the following general committee was appointed to prepare a plan : Rev. J. L. Jenkins, William R. Plunkett, Robert W. Adam, Miss Anna Todd Paddock, Mrs. James H. Hinsdale, Miss Elizabeth D. Davis, Henry A. Brewster.

At a subsequent meeting it was determined to have the celebration on the 7th of February, 1889, the exact anniversary of the organization of the Church, although it fell during the most unfavorable season of the year ; and that, extended as the program was, it should be carried out in a single day within the walls of the church and chapel. Some doubts were expressed at the time as to the expediency of this arrangement, but in the end it proved wise.

What the plan of the occasion was is indicated by the titles of the sub-committees which were appointed as follows :

ON FINANCES.

John R. Warriner, Edward S. Francis, Alexander Kennedy, Charles Atwater, Solomon N. Russell, James W. Hull, Frank W. Dutton.

ON HISTORICAL PAPERS.

It was voted to collect all possible information regarding the early history of the Church, and the following committee upon historical papers was appointed : Henry W. Taft, Rev. J. L. Jenkins, R. W. Adam, James M.

Barker, E. T. Slocum, William L. Adam, H. A. Brewster, Mrs. Ensign H. Kellogg, Miss S. W. Humphrey.

ON INVITATIONS.

Rev. J. L. Jenkins, John C. West, George N. Dutton, Mrs. Thos. P. Pingree, Mrs. David A. Clary, Mrs. F. A. Paddock, Miss Maria Warriner, Miss Martha A. Peck, Miss Fanny Colt, Miss Abby M. Campbell, William R. Plunkett, Secretary.

ON ENTERTAINMENT OF INVITED GUESTS.

Jabez L. Peck, John T. Power, Dr. Henry Colt, James H. Hinsdale, Miss Mary G. Cooley, Mrs. George W. Campbell.

ON RECEPTIONS.

William R. Plunkett, Chairman; Arthur A. Mills, H. W. Partridge, Mrs. J. T. Power, Mrs. John F. Allen, Mrs. Hiram B. Wellington, Miss Catherine Pingree, Mrs. James H. Hinsdale, Miss E. D. Davis.

ON PREPARATION OF THE CHURCH AND CHAPEL, AND USHERING.

I. F. Chesley, Chairman; Silas H. Pomeroy, James Wilson, Mrs. Charles Atwater, Miss C. Tucker, Miss E. G. Colt.

ON MUSIC.

Prof. A. M. Fletcher and Rev. J. L. Jenkins.

All these committees served with zeal, fidelity and good judgment; and received cordial and valuable aid from without; the most important ones at least achieving success far beyond what there was any reason to expect when the observance of the anniversary was first determined upon. In what direction this success lay will appear in our brief account of the day.

THE PRELIMINARY EXERCISES.

Although the celebration proper was, according to the program, confined to Thursday, the seventh of February, exercises closely akin to it naturally took place on the preceding Sunday. Indeed they were so closely allied to it that to omit mention of them here would leave the account of it altogether incomplete. The Pastor, prefatory to his historical address which was to come on the morning of the 7th, preached an eloquent sermon upon the character of the early church. In the evening there was a praise service under the direction of the organist and chorister, Prof. Fletcher, at which hymns and anthems were sung that were used by the church more than a hundred years ago. Among them "The Dying Christian," by Pope; "Arise, Shine," by Rev. Edward Coon; "Send Out Thy Light," by Gounod; "Ye shall dwell in the Land," by Stainer; "Sound the loud timbrel," by Avison. "There were also," says a competent reporter, "several hymns taken from an edition of 'Watts' Psalms,' published in Boston in 1766, which was the first hymn-book used by the Church. The only copy to be found belonged to John Partridge, one of the first choristers of the Church, and it bears his name, dated 1767. It contains on the fly-leaf a list of tunes used with the hymns in the hand writing of a brother of the owner, William Partridge, who was grandfather of H. W. Partridge, who is now one of the

deacons of the Church. The choir and congregation sang several of these hymns which were taken from the old book and printed in a pamphlet. Some of those sung were: 'Denmark,' 'The Infant Savior,' by Knapp, written in 1698; 'Greenwich,' by Read, 1757; 'Rainbow,' author unknown; 'Norwich,' author unknown; 'Russia,' by Read, 1757; 'Ocean,' by Swan, Psalm 100, by William France, 1543; Psalm 78, by Tauser. The words of the hymn, Greenwich, are given below:

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine.
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

But, O, their end, their dreadful end,
Thy sanctuary taught me so,
On slip'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fi'ry billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again.
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes,
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood.
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine
My life, my portion and my God.

This represents as well as any in the list of selections the Puritanical idea of standing on 'slippery places.'"

Many connected with other churches in town—especially older citizens—came in to enjoy the quaint music: and reminiscences of old choristers, from the days of Solomon Warriner and Col. Asa Barr down, were indulged in. One of the most strikingly illustrative, however, was not told there but came in a letter which contained the following: "It does not seem much less than a hundred years ago since Col. Barr chanted to the music of bass viol and violin the Lord's Prayer. I well remember that on that occasion my venerated grandmother, her big grey eyes ablaze with holy wrath, dropped into her seat in the family pew exclaiming, "Have I lived to hear the Lord's prayer fiddled in this Congregational Church!"

Like all the exercises of the celebration this Praise Meeting constantly suggested the great contrasts between the past and the present, while at the same time it seemed to bring the past startlingly near to us.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

FEB. 7, 1764—FEB. 7, 1889.

The celebration proper began appropriately at 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday with the Holy Communion, in which most of the members of the Church, and many others who were entitled to participate, joined; with what emotions amid such surroundings may well be imagined. Deacons Robinson, Peirson, Shipton and Rice of the South Church and Deacons Taft and Partridge of the First Church officiated.

The peculiar interior architecture of the church renders extraneous oc-

casional decoration to any marked extent out of place, but gives the best effect to such simple displays as indicated on this occasion what its nature was ; but even here came another contrast between the past and the present, which show emphatically the great amelioration of thought and feeling in the church as well as the world during the last century ; indeed, in view of some local incidents, we might well say within the last half century. The masses of palms and other tropical plants, relieved here and there by costly exotic flowers, which covered the vicinity of the pulpit, the communion table, and the organ, were widely different from the fragrant herbs, which less than a hundred years ago were considered everything of the kind which was proper for the house of the God whose flowers are silent preachers. About the pulpit were placed bronze tablets bearing the names of all the pastors who have ministered to the church : Thomas Allen, William Allen, Thomas Punderson, Heman Humphrey, Rufus W. Bailey, Henry Tappan, John W. Yeomans, Horatio N. Brinsmade, John Todd, Edward O. Bartlett, Jonathan L. Jenkins.

In front of the galleries were oaken shields, bearing the names of Stephen Crofoot, Ephraim Stiles, Daniel Hubbard, Aaron Baker, Jacob Ensign, William Phelps, Lemuel Phelps, Elnathan Phelps ; the "foundation men" who were organized as the nucleus of the present Church, Feb. 7, 1764.

This was all the extraneous ornamentation, except the dates 1754 in white and 1889 in green on the front of the rear gallery ; and it was enough, for it was full of grand memories.

At 10.30 A. M. the pastor took his seat in the pulpit and continued to preside through all the exercises of the day and evening with the grace and spirit which was to be expected from the enthusiastic interest which he took in the occasion.

The choir opened with the jubilant anthem, "Joy, for the Night is Gone," thirty voices, under the lead of Prof. Fletcher, joining in it. Rev. Prof. George E. Day of Yale College, a native of this town and a son of the Church, read the 84th Psalm and offered prayer, evidently with much emotion. The choir sang "Heavenly Father, graciously hear us!"

The historical address of Rev. Dr. Jenkins followed. Printed in full in the preceding pages, it speaks for itself, and needs no characterization here, but as the work of a man who dearly loved his theme and spared no pains to do it justice.

The morning services closed at 12.30 P. M., and the great congregation repaired to the chapel, where a portrait-gallery of past worshippers in the Church had been collected, which was, for the day at least, equal in its attractiveness to almost any other feature of the occasion ; but it was a little aside from the general line of the celebration, and we pass it for the present in order to do better justice to it in its own place.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

A very large audience attended the afternoon exercises, which commenced at 2 o'clock. Pastor Jenkins happily introduced Rev. Dr. Danker to represent St. Stephen's parish and the absent Rector, Rev. W. W. Newton, of whom Mr. Jenkins said, "I know he is with us in spirit though absent in

body." Dr. Danker brought the formal congratulations of St. Stephen's, approved by the wardens and vestry, and he gave his message in very fitting, eloquent, hearty words. This was a very pleasing recognition of the pleasant relations which have so long existed between these neighbor churches, and reminded some of the older persons present of the time when the St. Stephen's Church, recently demolished, was being remodeled and the First Congregational parish freely loaned its chapel for the Episcopal services, and received in return the gift of a superb pulpit Bible.

The reading of the historical papers printed in the body of this volume was then begun, and continued at the

EVENING MEETING.

Some of these historical papers were from the nature of the subjects more entertaining than others, but all had an essential bearing upon important points in the history of the Church, and some—especially those most dry in detail—go to explain its present status and that of the parish, and the reasons for it.

The formal papers were supplemented by addresses of which a phonographic report is printed, which will be found also full of historic interest as well as of genial feeling and reverence for the grand past of the old Church.

The committee on invitations received more than a hundred and fifty letters, varying from a simple expression of regret for inability to attend up to an historical essay which would cover pages. They show how widely scattered are the children of the Church, and how enduring is their pride in and regard for it. They will be carefully preserved in the archives and whenever the time shall come for a more formal history will afford much material for it.

In an historical point of view the celebration accomplished more than was expected of it. The industrious research of the writers of the historical papers was amply rewarded, while from odd nooks in family traditions half forgotten facts and spicy anecdotes were drawn out, and some obscure points in parochial annals elucidated. It is much that these have been placed in such form that they are not likely again to lapse into oblivion.

THE MEMORIAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY.

A few weeks before the celebration, some one conceived the novel and happy idea of collecting as many as possible of the portraits of the men and women who had from time to time been members of the Church or who had worshipped with it in its several meeting-houses. The proposition was eagerly adopted. Requests were sent to the families likely to have the desired pictures, and also published in the local newspapers. Brief as the interval was, the response was such as to render the memorial gallery the most unique feature of the anniversary, and one of the most exciting. Over one hundred portraits were contributed and hung upon the walls of the chapel, varying from the costly miniature of the era of Parson Allen and the cheaper small photograph of later days, to the life-size portraits, of varying merit as works of art, which illustrated all the periods of the Church history.

Many of the subjects of these portraits had been for years spirit-stirring members of the Church ; not a few of them to such an extent that they builded large portions of their own lives into it, so that they seem still living stones in its walls. Others, as well as some of these, were so zealous and generous in parochial affairs, that no difficult or costly parochial work can be mentioned without bringing their names to memory. Some had been for years quiet but reverent worshippers ; performing to the letter such duties as they deemed to be required of them by religion and society. Some were but briefly connected with the parish. Others, who received the rudiments of religious education in this Church, afterward carried out their lessons in the different denominations into which the growing town came to be divided. But more than one instance in the present festival went to prove that filial regard for the old church is not inconsistent with loyal allegiance to newer bonds any more than filial affection for parents weakens the closer relations of husband and wife.

All the portraits were of men and women whose earthly life is ended, while the floor of the chapel was crowded at such times as it was open, with successive throngs of their descendants or successors ; so that there was seen what may not improperly be called a great, and in no small degree a homogenous, congregation, composed of many generations all inspired with life ; for if the painted lips were silent, those who listened to the animated and thoughtful conversation of the living, could not but recognize that it faithfully interpreted what those lips would have uttered had they, by some mirac'e, been unsealed. The portraits themselves had unsealed the fountains of many memories which do not often flow so freely. It was perhaps as much by the reminiscences, comments, discussions and expressions of feeling which the memorial gallery called forth as by its exhibition of pictures that it was rendered so satisfactory a portion of the celebration ; but, of course the one could not have been produced without the other ; the effect without the cause.

There was some effort to arrange the portraits in family or other groups ; circumstances rendered success in this so imperfect that we do not attempt to follow it, except in a single instance.

On the east wall of the room was in conspicuous black letters the text : "*They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.*"

Below this motto was the clerical group of portraits representing the first pastor, Rev. Thomas Allen ; his son and successor, Rev. William Allen, D. D. ; Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, the great pacificator ; Rev. Henry P. Tappan, Rev. Dr. John Todd, and Rev. Dr. Stephen West, of Stockbridge, one of the clergymen who took part in the organization of the Pittsfield Church, Rev. Joab Brace, D. D., the father-in-law of Rev. Dr. Todd.

The portrait of Parson Allen does not at all give one's preconceived idea of him as the stern, uncompromising, combative, Revolutionary leader and hero. He appears here rather as the man of scholarly and refined thought, and of a gentle manner. And such, a lady who remembered him well in his later years, when she was a child, described him a few years ago : a man of tall and graceful figure, very benignant in his aspect to children,

of extreme politeness to all, with a clear complexioned well shaven face, and a beaming, kindly eye as it appeared to her young view, although it doubtless showed determination enough in the many circumstances under which the utmost determination was required of Berkshire's Revolutionary leader. His is not the first instance in which tenderness and stern devotion to right have been combined in the same heart.

The portrait of Rev. Dr. Allen, near the end of his life, if correctly drawn—in this case it was an engraving—would be remarkable. His life had been contentious as well as scholarly, in an eminent degree; but when he appeared in Tremont Temple, at Boston, with other gentlemen who had visited Europe as delegates from the American Peace Society to the Courts of Europe, he was pronounced the most grandly venerable looking man in New England, although his mass of snow white hair fell over features which showed no signs of physical weakness.

Rev. Dr. Humphrey had a noble face for a portrait, full of lines every one of which was the record of deep thought and energetic conflict. They had been traced deeply, not so much by the hand of time as by the mind which lay behind them. Rev. Dr. Todd's portrait is also full of character; but, although doubtless modified by the experience of a not altogether restful life, the lines there seem to have been those originally impressed by nature, whom he rather followed than resisted.

Strictly speaking, the portrait of Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, the first pastor of Great Barrington, should have been in this group, as he wrote the creed and covenant under profession of which the Pittsfield Church was organized, and preached the sermon on the occasion; but it was, for some reason, placed in another part of the room. Dr. Hopkins was the first great American opponent and denouncer of slavery, he was the originator of the Stockbridge Indian Mission, and the hero of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "The Minister's Wooing;" but it is more to our present purpose to know that he was the author of a new system of theology—The Hopkinsonian—some traces of which he doubtless left in the fundamental constitution of the churches of Pittsfield, Lee and Lenox, which were nearly, if not quite, identical in their tenor. The portrait of Dr. Hopkins, a rather peculiar one, was surrounded by intelligent observers during the exhibition; but more interest would have been taken in it, if these facts had been more generally known.

We give below a catalogue as nearly complete as we can make it, of those whose portraits were contributed, with the dates of their birth and death. In some instances we should have been glad to give some other facts, but find it quite impracticable.

| | BORN. | DIED. |
|--|-------|-------|
| Abigail S. Bacon,..... | 1775 | 1861 |
| Ezekiel Bacon,..... | 1776 | 1870 |
| William J. Hawkins,..... | 1836 | 1878 |
| Jabez Peck,..... | 1781 | 1867 |
| George Brown,... | 1807 | 1874 |
| Fanny S. Pomeroy,..... | 1814 | 1851 |
| Mary Kilbourn, (Mrs. Henry Clinton Brown,).... | 1788 | 1876 |

| | | |
|---|------|------|
| Elijah Peck,..... | 1790 | 1879 |
| Solomon Wilson,..... | 1819 | 1882 |
| John C. Parker,..... | 1822 | 1881 |
| Ensign H. Kellogg,..... | 1812 | 1882 |
| Eliza Taylor,..... | 1805 | 1883 |
| Miss Sophia Churchill Parker,..... | 1792 | 1872 |
| Linus Parker,..... | 1790 | 1872 |
| Elizabeth Granger,..... | 1785 | 1888 |
| Clara Wells, | 1820 | 1873 |
| Mary Dewey Foot,..... | 1833 | 1873 |
| Henry Hubbard,..... | 1783 | 1863 |
| Erastus Dewey..... | 1789 | 1865 |
| Samuel Root,..... | 1769 | 1856 |
| Mrs. Curtis T. Fenn, | 1798 | 1878 |
| James Ginn,..... | 1802 | 1885 |
| Mrs. Mary F. Ginn, | 1804 | 1882 |
| Matilda M. Dewey,..... | 1795 | 1865 |
| Mrs. Oliver P. Dickinson,..... | 1766 | 1847 |
| Mrs. John Chandler Williams, (Lucretia,)..... | 1753 | 1834 |
| Gen. Nathan Willis, | 1763 | 1851 |
| Mrs. Lucy Willis,..... | 1774 | 1860 |
| Solomon L. Russell,..... | 1791 | 1882 |
| Mrs. S. William Russell,..... | | |
| Austin W. Kellogg,..... | 1820 | 1885 |
| James D. Colt, 2d,..... | 1768 | 1856 |
| James D. Colt, 3d,..... | 1797 | 1822 |
| James D. Colt, 4th,..... | 1819 | 1881 |
| Henry Colt,..... | 1812 | 1888 |
| Sarah Root Colt, | 1771 | 1865 |
| Ezekiel Root Colt,.... | 1794 | 1860 |
| Thomas Colt,..... | 1823 | 1876 |
| Electa Campbell Colt,..... | 1793 | 1875 |
| Lucy Laffin Campbell, | 1763 | 1852 |
| Mrs. Robert Colt,..... | 1815 | 1876 |
| George Campbell, | 1811 | 1878 |
| Matilda Jenkins Campbell,..... | 1814 | 1882 |
| Nannie Campbell Harding,..... | 1839 | 1874 |
| Jason Clapp,..... | 1782 | 1868 |
| Edwin Clapp,..... | 1809 | 1884 |
| Elizabeth Campbell Clapp,..... | 1796 | 1881 |
| Thaddeus Clapp,..... | 1792 | 1865 |
| Richard Colt Cogswell, | 1787 | 1861 |
| Electa Lawrence Cogswell, | 1785 | 1861 |
| Mary Stiles,..... | 1777 | 1845 |
| Mrs. Mary S. Manning, | 1824 | 1886 |
| William Hubbard,..... | 1801 | 1868 |
| Mary Warner Hubbard,..... | 1807 | 1887 |

| | | |
|---|------|------|
| John Dickinson,..... | 1769 | 1855 |
| Hannah Fairfield,..... | 1768 | 1856 |
| John Partridge,..... | 1804 | 1870 |
| Dr. Oliver S. Root,..... | 1799 | 1870 |
| Electa Goodrich, | 1794 | 1888 |
| James Francis,..... | 1797 | 1885 |
| Jacob Phelps,..... | 1780 | |
| Eleanor Phelps,.... | 1774 | |
| Charlotte M. Francis Churchill,..... | 1805 | 1883 |
| Charles Churchill, | 1796 | 1881 |
| Jesse Goodrich,..... | | |
| Mrs. Mercy Partridge Whitney,..... | 1795 | 1872 |
| Chester Hemenway,..... | 1809 | 1887 |
| Mrs. John Partridge, | 1815 | 1875 |
| William B. Cooley,..... | 1800 | 1870 |
| Dr. Charles Drake Mills,..... | 1827 | 1878 |
| Graham A. Root,..... | 1820 | 1880 |
| Dr. Oliver E. Brewster, | 1816 | 1866 |
| Dr. John M. Brewster,..... | 1789 | 1869 |
| Mary Hull,..... | 1840 | 1857 |
| Abel West,..... | 1780 | 1871 |
| Thomas Barnard Strong,..... | 1780 | 1863 |
| Matilda Thompson. (Mrs. Abel West,.)..... | 1782 | 1866 |
| Levi Goodrich, (2 pictures)..... | 1785 | 1868 |
| Mrs. Josiah Goodrich,..... | 1752 | |
| Lucinda Dickinson Strong,..... | 1786 | 1888 |
| Mrs. Jared Ingersoll, | 1789 | 1851 |
| Jared Ingersoll,..... | 1786 | 1871 |
| Phillips Merrill,..... | 1790 | 1873 |
| Frances A. Stanton Merrill,..... | 1794 | 1867 |
| Capt. Hosca Merrill,..... | 1761 | 1853 |
| Sarah Phillips,..... | 1763 | 1850 |
| Nancy Hinsdale,..... | 1769 | 1851 |
| Thomas F. Plunkett,..... | 1804 | 1875 |
| Henry Root,..... | 1784 | 1863 |
| Clarissa Bagg,..... | | |
| Washington Root,..... | 1820 | 1884 |
| Thankful Root,..... | 1785 | 1865 |
| Julius Rockwell,..... | 1804 | 1888 |
| Calvin Martin,..... | 1787 | 1867 |
| James Buel,..... | 1784 | 1874 |
| Mrs. Hannah Clark,..... | 1772 | 1856 |
| S. L. Russell,..... | 1791 | 1882 |
| Mrs. Agnes Center Buel,.,..... | 1784 | 1864 |
| Major Butler Goodrich,..... | 1768 | 1863 |
| Jabez W. Fairbanks,..... | 1804 | 1872 |
| Mrs. Julia Brattle Burbank,.... | 1798 | 1888 |

| | | |
|------------------------------------|------|------|
| Mrs. Maria Brattle Clark,..... | 1880 | 1887 |
| Charles Hulbert, | 1824 | 1873 |
| Curtis T. Fenn, | 1792 | 1871 |
| Thomas Taylor,..... | 1792 | 1875 |
| Dr. Henry H. Childs,..... | 1783 | 1868 |
| Phinehas Allen,..... | 1776 | 1868 |
| Henry Chickering,..... | 1819 | 1881 |
| Capt. F. W. Pease,..... | 1822 | 1864 |
| Samuel D. Colt,..... | 1779 | 1853 |
| Lucy B. Colt, | 1777 | 1850 |
| Zeno Russell, | 1834 | 1881 |
| Jonathan Allen,..... | 1773 | 1845 |
| Mrs. Eunice Williams Larned,..... | 1792 | 1868 |
| Mrs. Elizabeth White,..... | 1775 | 1798 |
| Thomas Allen,..... | 1813 | 1887 |
| Rev. Dr. Brace,..... | 1777 | 1857 |
| Mrs. Heman Humphrey,..... | 1785 | 1868 |
| Lemuel Pomeroy,..... | 1775 | 1849 |
| Mrs. Lemuel Pomeroy, (Hart,)... .. | 1780 | 1853 |
| Theo. Pomeroy,..... | 1813 | 1881 |
| Phinehas Allen, 2d,..... | 1807 | 1872 |
| Robert Colt, | 1807 | 1864 |

RELICS OF THE PAST.

In addition to the portraits, there were in the chapel several interesting relics of the old time. There were a score of chairs in which once sat men and women now held in reverential memory; among them one which stood in one of the old square pews in 1808: a style of pews which prevailed long after that date. There was the wreck of an old bass viol which was played in 1836 by Daniel Merriam, when the opponents of innovation in the music of public worship nick-named it, "The Lord's big fiddle." There was a fragment of the carpet upon which LaFayette stood on the 15th of June, 1825, when in the old church,—now Maplewood Gymnasium,—he was received by the authorities and people of Berkshire, and said some very handsome things in return, especially in regard to the beauty of Pittsfield women; which it was very much like the gallant Frenchman to say.

But the relic most closely connected with the occasion and also otherwise of great value, was the carved oaken chest once the property of Deacon Daniel Hubbard, one of the "foundation men" of the church. It was brought from England by one of his ancestors. He, himself, brought it to Pittsfield, and during the last French and Indian war—1754-1761—it was often filled with the family valuables, and deposited in one of the four Pittsfield forts. This fort stood on what is now the Buckingham place, on the southwest shore of Lake Onota, and was very near to Deacon Hubbard's "home-lot" or farm. The chest has ever since continued in the family, being now the property of Deacon Hubbard's grand-daughters in the sixth generation, Mrs. C. E. Burfitt, and the Misses C. W. and Leila Bull, of Pitts-

field. The Hubbard family Bible is still preserved, and it was hoped to have it for the memorial collection, but it did not arrive in season. This exhibit and the presence of its owners, perhaps brought those who witnessed it nearer to the foundation of the Church than any other. The nearest living descendant of any of the foundation members is, however, Miss Amanda Baker, the grand-daughter of Aaron Baker, who resides on the homestead in Barkersville.

Amid surroundings such as we have attempted above to describe, or to give some faint idea of, the ladies of the Church, on the evening of the 7th invited their friends to an entertainment in which food for the palate was as abundant and tempting as was that for conversation. At the request of many who, in the hurried hours of anniversary day, could not find time to study and muse over the memorial exhibition as they desired, it was continued through Friday.

And thus closed an anniversary observance, which it is hoped will take honorable rank among the many which, after furnishing days of rare rational pleasure to thousands, have contributed largely toward developing and making more widely known what is great and good in the annals of Pittsfield.

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THE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

FEB. 7, 1764.

FEB. 7, 1889.

FOUNDATION MEN.

STEPHEN CROFOOT,

JACOB ENSIGN,

EPHRAIM STILES,

WILLIAM PHELPS,

DANIEL HUBBARD,

LEMUEL PHELPS,

AARON BAKER,

ELNATHAN PHELPS.

And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave themselves to the Lord and now to us by the will of God.—2 Cor. 8: 5.

[Text of sermon preached at organization of the Church, by Rev. SAMUEL HOPKINS of Great Barrington.]



ANTHEMS.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN. *Harwood, 17—*

Words by POPE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quif, oh, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain!—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?"

ARISE, SHINE. *Rev. Edwin Coon.*

Isaiah 60: 1—3.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Arise, shine, for thy light is come.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT. *Gounod.*

Psalms 43: 3, 4, 5.

Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, and let them bring me to thy holy hill. O God, then will I go unto thine altar. On the harp I will praise thee, O Lord my God. Why, O soul, art thou sorrowful, and why cast down within me? Still trust the loving-kindness of the God of thy strength, and my tongue yet shall praise him, who hath pleaded my cause. Send out thy light, O Lord our God.

YE SHALL DWELL IN THE LAND. *Stainer.*

Ezekiel 36: 28, 30, 34, 35. Psalm 136: 1.

Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers. His mercy endureth forever. And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. His mercy endureth forever. I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field. His mercy endureth forever. Give thanks unto the Lord. And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.

And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden. Give thanks unto the Lord. His mercy endureth forever.

Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide forever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.

The strains of all that holy throng
With ours to-day are blending,
Thrice blessed is that harvest song,
Which never has an ending. Amen.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL. *Avison.*

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen so splendid and brave;
How vain was their boasting, the Lord has but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

REFRAIN—Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

REFRAIN—

HYMNS.

[The hymns marked * are taken from what was undoubtedly the first hymn-book used in this Church. It is an edition of Watts' Psalms, published in Boston in 1766. It belonged to Mr. John Partridge, afterwards one of the first choristers of the Church, and bears his name, 1767. It contains on the fly leaf a list of tunes, used with the hymns, in the hand-writing of a brother of the owner, William Partridge, grand-father of one of the present Deacons. The marked tunes are also from this list.]

DENMARK.

Music by MADAN, 1799.

100th Psalm.

WATTS (altered).

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

* His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men
And when like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people—we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame.
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise,
And earth with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, eternity, thy love.
Firm as a rock, thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

a. CHANT.—FIRST PSALM.

THOS. STERNHOLD, 1549.

b. HYMN.—THE INFANT SAVOUR.

KNAPP, 1698.

From Federal Harmony.

O sight of anguish, view it near,
What weeping innocence is here,
A manger for his bed.
The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
Men, ye worse brutes, no pity show,
Nor give him friendly aid.

Why do no rapid thunders roll?
 Why do no tempests rock the pole?
 O miracle of grace!
 Or why no angels on the wing,
 Warm for the honor of their king,
 To punish all the race?

GREENWICH.*

READ, 1757.

Psalm 73.

* Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn and murmur and repine,
 To see the wicked placed on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shrine.
 But, O, their end, their dreadful end,
 Thy sanctuary taught me so.
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
 And fi'ry billows roll below.
 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
 I'll never envy them again.
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
 Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee!
 Just like a dream when man awakes,
 Their songs of softest harmony
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
 Too dear to purchase with my blood.
 Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine
 My life, my portion and my God.

RAINBOW.*

UNKNOWN.

Psalm 65—2d Part.

* 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power.
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
 The morning light and evening shade
 Successive comforts bring;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.
 Seasons and times and moons and hours,
 Heav'n, earth and air are thine,
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
 The Author is divine.

NORWICH.*

UNKNOWN.

Watts' Hymns.

My sorrows, like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.

O'ercome by dying love,
 Here at thy cross I lie
 Submit my soul, my all to Thee,
 And weep, and love and die.

"Rise," says the Saviour, "rise;
 Behold my wounded veins,
 Here flows a sacred, crimson flood
 To wash away thy stains."

See, God is reconciled!
 Behold his smiling face!
 Let sinners in his love rejoice,
 And sound aloud his grace.

MAJESTY.*

BILLINGS, about 1770.

Psalm 18. STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, 1562.

The Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of mighty wings
 Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 Forevermore shall reign.

The Lord will give his people strength,
 Whereby they shall increase,
 And he will bless his chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.

Give glory to his awful name,
 And honor him alone;
 Give glory to his majesty,
 Upon his holy throne.

RUSSIA.*

Psalm 62.

READ, 1757.

* False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity.
 Laid in a balance both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air,

 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust.
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke?

 My spirit looks to God alone,
 My rock and refuge is his throne.
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

SHERBURNE.*

Hymn. TATE and BRADY, 1696.

READ.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down
 And glory shone around.

 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind."

 All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace,
 Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin, and never cease.

OCEAN.*

Psalm 107.

SWAN, 1760.

* Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
 That rule the boist'rous sea,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who tempt the dang'rous way.

 At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring waves,
 The men astonished, mount the skies,
 And sink in gaping graves.

 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He hears their loud request,
 And orders silence through the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storm allay'd,
 Now to their eyes the port appears;
 There let their vows be paid.

'Tis God that brings them safe to land:
 Let stupid mortals know
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow.

O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord!
 And those who see thy wondrous ways
 And wondrous love record.

PSALM 100.* FIRST PART.

Tune—The Hundredth Psalm Tune.

WM. FRANC, 1543

Ye nations of the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life and breath and being give;
 We are his work, and not our own;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ,
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 78.* FIRST PART.

Tune—St. Martyns.

TANSUR, 1735.

Let children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known;
 His works of power and grace;
 And we'll convey his wonders down,
 Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs;
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

HYMN.

Dr. LEONARD BACON, 1845.

Tune—Duke Street.

HATTON, 1790.

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.
 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
 Thy blessing came; and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.
 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves.
 And here thyname, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

HYMN.

DODDRIDGE, 1737.

Tune—Dundee (Old Windsor).

Scotch Psalter, 1615.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led!
 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive at peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,
 Our portion evermore.

HYMN.

BISHOP COXE, 1839.

Tune—St. Ann's.

CROFT, 1712.

Oh, where are kings and empires now
 Of old that went and came?
 But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
 And her foundations strong ;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy church, O God !
 Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
 And tempests are abroad ;—

Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A house not made by hands.

HYMN.

Rev. JOHN NEEDHAM, 1768.

Tune—Cambridge.

RANDALL, 1790.

Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod ;
 Aspiring, view those holy men
 Who lived and walked with God.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live ;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
 Still fresh instructions give.

'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered every foe ;
 And to his power and matchless grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.

Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heaven.



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